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PROCEEDINGS OF CRIMINAL COURT

A Number of Small Cases on Trial This Week.

ST. HELEN-LEAKE CASE CONTINUED.

Defendant's Bail Fixed at $1000—General Criminal Court News. Grand Jury Findings.

Quarter Sessions Court convened on Monday afternoon, with Judge Bouton on the bench. The grand jury was instructed in its duties, the constables filed their reports and other routine matters were disposed of. The cases are mostly petty offences and can be quickly disposed of.

The following cases were not prossed: Commonwealth vs. Allen Utt, charged with malicious mischief; Shaner Beard, fornication, etc.; Harry Olson, same charge; O. H. Becker, violating inn keepers' act, and William Cosmer, assault and battery.

The case of Commonwealth vs. Robert St. Helen, charged with assault with intent to kill, was continued owing to the prosecutor's inability to appear and the defendant was held in $1,000 bail to appear at the next term. He is in jail. St. Helen is the man who shot Harry Leake at Bradford recently, at the house of Lou McKenzie.

The following named persons received their certificates of citizenship: James Welsh, native of England; Joseph Fuoco of Italy; Theodore Goodman of Germany; W. H. Freemer of Canada; Christ Johnson of Denmark; Paul Rizzuti of Italy; Louis Tschietti of Switzerland, and Pietro Tommino of Italy.

The following motions were offered: In the matter of the office of constable of Hamlin township; declination of J. A. Hayes filed.

In the matter of the appointment of C. B. Shirtz deputy constable of Port Allegany borough; order of court filed.

In re public road at Hazelhurst, Hamlin township, bond approved by the court, filed; petition for public road, filed; C. M. Colegrove, surveyor; W. A. Specht and H. W. Rubin appointed viewers by the court.

In the matter of building a bridge over the Allegany river in Annin township, bond approved by the court and petition of viewers filed; C. M. Colegrove, surveyor, J. A. Holder and O. D. Comes appointed viewers to view and report according to law.

In the matter of the estate of Kenneth B. Fobes, late of Oil City, Pa., deceased; guardian's return of private sale of real estate and the final decree of court thereto; filed.

In the matter of the estate of Keith E. Dalrymple, minor child of Kate and Edwin P. Dalrymple, deceased; return of sale by John E. Dusenbury, guardian, and final decree filed.

In the case of Edward Ryan, deceased, Mary Baker and Daniel Kerwin to William J. Hogan, executor; refunding bond approved and filed.

Commonwealth vs. P., S. & N. railroad, charged with maintaining a public nuisance. The case came before the court on the return of the constable of Hamlin township, who complained that a bridge erected by the defendant company near Marvindale was so low that it interfered with public travel passing beneath it on the public road. The trial occupied the attention of the court most of the day and resulted in the defendant being found guilty. Owing to the fact that the defendant was a corporation it could not be sentenced to undergo imprisonment, but was ordered to pay a fine of $10 pay the costs of the suit and reconstruct the bridge so as to abate the nuisance.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. Kit Andrews charged with larceny and John McCrum, charged with assault and battery were continued and the defendants held under bail to appear at the next term.

The following defendants appeared, pleaded guilty and received their respective sentences:

James Gamble, charged with larceny; $50 fine and four months in the county jail.

Clarence Showers, statutory burglary, $10 fine and sent to the Huntingdon Reformatory.

Harry Newton, assault and battery, $25 fine and two months in the county jail.

W. J. Walton, larceny as servant, $50 fine, restore the money taken and serve six months in the county jail.

In the case of Myrtle Burrows, indicted for adultery, the husband wished to drop the action and a jury brought in a verdict of not guilty and the county pay the cost.

Commonwealth vs. Marshall Humphrey, charged with forgery, was continued and the defendant held under $200 bail to appear at the June term.

Commonwealth vs. Vincent Provic, defendant charged with assault with intent to kill and carrying concealed weapons, was found guilty on second count of indictment and sentenced to pay a fine of $50, costs of prosecution and imprisonment in the Western penitentiary for one year.

Com. vs. Wm. Harkins, larceny, defendant pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 1 year and 3 months in the Western penitentiary.

In the case of Mack Douglass, who was charged with the larceny of two razors from Mary Norris of this place, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. John Truesdale, defendant found guilty on the count in the indictment charging him with having received stolen property, and he was sentenced to 1 year and 3 months imprisonment in the Western penitentiary.

Commonwealth vs. Otis Baker, false pretense, not guilty.

The grand jury recommended repairs upon the chairs in the grand jury room, or the purchase of new ones. It was also of the opinion that the interior of the jail should be painted and window shades purchased for the women's department.

The cases for this term of court have been disposed of, but some routine matters are receiving attention this afternoon.

"Miss Bob White."

Nixon and Zimmerman's big company gave a very creditable performance of the popular opera, "Miss Bob White," to a crowded house at the Lyceum Monday night.

The principal characters are delineated by talented people and what the chorus lacks in voice is made up in good looks, pretty costumes and agility.

Frank Deshon and J. L. McClure as the millionaire tramps are a funny pair and kept the audience good natured all the time. Mae Phelps made a winsome "Bob White," and Alice Kraft Benson as "Goldenrod," has a sweet voice and made the musical hit of the evening. The balance of the cast is in the hands of clever people. Owing to the lack of electrical appliances in the Lyceum the production could not be given in its beautiful scenic entirety. The company travels in special cars and departed for Emporium Tuesday morning.

The entire company was feeling especially jovial on account of the marriage of two of its most prominent members, which occurred in town at high noon, Monday. Mr. J. Lee McClure, who plays the part of "Artie Tre Billon," and Miss Dorothy J. Harris, known in the cast as Miss Livainthepast Autumn," both of New York city, were united in marriage by Rev. G. H. Patterson at the Methodist parsonage.

The happy couple did not allow matrimony to stand in the way of business, however, and played their parts unusually well, even if Mr. McClure's love scenes with "Miss Bob White" were not so warm as might have been wished. The groom also withstood a rapid fire bombardment of kidding from the diminutive Deshon and other members of the company with suitable embarassment.

At the conclusion of the opera the audience was treated to a feature "not down on the bills." The orchestra played Mendelssohn's wedding march and the curtain arose disclosing the entire company formed in line with the handsome, newly-married couple in the lead. They marched around the stage amid showers of rice, and as usual, Frank Deshon was the principal offender. The audience applauded vigorously, and it is seldom that a bride and groom receive a more novel and hearty "send off" on their matrimonial career than that accorded Mr. and Mrs. McClure.

For Purer Water.

From a letter received by R. E. Burdick from the State Superintendent of Fisheries we learn that the chances of passing the bill to prevent the further pollution of our streams are steadily growing and if the good work is kept up we will undoubtedly have such a law passed. Many people who do not live along our polluted streams have no idea of the damage done in this way but the signatures of over 1500 voters to petitions at polling places in this county gives an idea of the feelings of a vast majority The poisonous refuse from these chemical factories and tanneries is not alone responsible for the killing of nearly all the fish in our streams, but it makes the water unfit for cattle to drink. Moreover the waters from these polluted streams go to make up our large rivers from which hundreds of thousands of people in the southern part of this State are obliged to get their entire water supply. True, water running over gravel and sand beds purifies itself in a short distance under ordinary conditions but with the amount of refuse emptied into our streams at present purification of nature's filtering process is impossible. Senator Matson, who at first was opposed to the passage of this bill, we have been informed that, since learning the general sentiment in favor of it, he has stated that he would act in accordance with their wishes.

The Jewel Cake Griddle, the only only thing for baking pancakes. At Holmes & Gilfillan's.

See the complete line of razor strops in Redfield's window.

WILLIAM CROSBY OSTRANDER.

A Popular and Well-Known Citizen of Liberty Township Joins the Great Majority.

The subject of this obituary, better known as Crosby Ostrander, was born in Sweden township, Potter county, Penn'a., on the 25th day of November, 1852, and died at his home in the Grimes district, Liberty township, on Friday last, February 24th, aged 52 years, three months, lacking one day, Brights' disease being the immediate cause of his death.

Deceased came with his parents to Liberty township when but seven years of age and has since resided in the neighborhood, where his father, Matthew Ostrander, established a home in the then wilderness of the Grimes valley. Every old resident of McKean county can remember with pride the military record of the father, Matthew Ostrander, who together with his older sons, Walter and Almond, bared their breasts that the flag of freedom should be upheld on land and sea, and we all have a warm place in our hearts for our nation's brave defenders. We all know, too, the sorrow which followed the death of the veteran father and son, Almond, which occurred several years ago. The subject of this sketch, however, was a chip of the old block and all his energies were devoted to a fair and impartial performance of every duty devolving upon him. As he honored his father and soldier brothers, he honored others who wore the blue with them in the sixties and his voice was ever heard in defense of their claims upon the government which they had helped to preserve He has held many offices of public trust in Liberty township, filling every requirement with an energy which was an honor to his constituency and a credit to the honored name which he bore; being at the time of his demise the very capable assessor of the township, and for several years past he has acted in the capacity of door tender at the various terms of court held in this borough, where he was ever found attentive to his duties, but with a pleasant word and a smile for all who approached him. In that capacity he became acquainted and well liked by nearly every resident of the county, and to-day one and all of them will join with us in expressing their sympathy for the mourning friends and relatives.

About thirty years ago he was married to Miss Frances Hall, also of Liberty township, who survives him, together with five daughters, four sons and four grandchildren. In his home life the amiable qualities of Mr. Ostrander shone brightest and he went down to his grave the idol of the wife he had loved and cherished for many years. And most sincerely mourned by the children who adored him, and the brothers and sisters who survive him.

A Republican from childhood he loved his party and had always been active in its welfare. He was also closely identified with all movements which pertained to the welfare and betterment of the things most needed in his neighborhood, and his untimely demise will be mourned in many homes in Liberty township.

He was an active and honored member of Canoe Tribe, I. O. R. M., of Port Allegany, which order attended the funeral in full force on Sunday last, the same being held from the Grimes church at 2 p. m., Rev. Barber of Wrights U. B. church speaking words of hope and consolation to the sorrowing family. The church could not accomodate the throng of sorrowing neighbors. A large body of them taking shelter in the school house nearby and joining the mourning friends as the casket containing the remains of their loved neighbor and friend was conveyed to its final resting place beneath the sods of Grimes cemetery. Bowed heads and tearful eyes attested to the high place the deceased had held in the hearts of those who knew him best, and as he sleeps beneath those sods we can only commend his spirit to the God who gave it and pray that the grief of his stricken family may be assuaged by the same omnipotent being.

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Petition to Senator Matson.

A petition containing about 1,500 signatures of residents of McKean county, was forwarded to Senator Matson, yesterday, relative to urging the passage of the bill to prevent the pollution of streams by refuse matter from chemical factories. It is said that the provisions of the bill are agreeable to a majority of the chemical manufacturers in McKean county and if it becomes a law will entail an expense of not over $100 to each of the plants for sink holes and other appliances for caring for the refuse material from the vats. At the present time this refuse matter is emptied into the creeks and as a result the trout streams are being practically cleared of their stock.—Bradford Era.

I am offering for sale pure ground buckwheat flour made at Eldred mills from buckwheat raised on my own farms; also pure maple syrup, at $1.00 per gallon, in one gallon cans, made in sugar bush of A. G. Abbey. D. O. Young, Smethport, Pa.

Experience at Hot Springs.

W. O. Herzog returned yesterday afternoon from a sojourn at Hot Springs, Ark., where he has been undergoing treatment for rheumatism since last November. He is much improved in health, but cut his stay at the Springs short owing to difficulty in securing suitable quarters, caused by the conflagration which destroyed a large portion of the city last Saturday, in which three persons lost their lives, thousands of people rendered homeless and $1,500,000 worth of property destroyed.

Mr. Herzog boarded at the Moody hotel, one of the buildings burned. He awoke Saturday night and found neighboring buildings in flames and knew that the hotel was doomed. After arousing sleeping guests of the hotel, he started to leave the building. Owing to his ailment it is difficult for him to move about and he offered a robust-appearing man $5 to carry him from the building. "Give me $10 and I will," replied the fellow. Mr. Herzog refused to bargain with the wretch and managed to make his way from the building unaided, although he had a narrow escape from serious injury or possibly death while descending the stairs. He was only able to proceed very slowly and excited boarders were throwing trunks down the stairway, but luckily he escaped the heavy missiles and reached the open air unhurt. He saved none of his personal effects but the clothes he wore.

He then started on a painful search for shelter and when almost ready to drop from cold and exhaustion applied at a minister's house for a place to rest. Upon offering to pay well for his accommodation he was allowed to enter the house and at once told them of the pitiful plight of a sick woman whom he had observed in a park nearby, and who was in great danger of freezing to death. To his great surprise the minister showed no inclination of being willing to aid her, and it was only after repeated bribes, threats and urgings that the man sent some one to her assistance and she was brought to the house. The woman was very grateful to Mr. Herzog for his efforts in her behalf and told him that she had a woman friend in the city who would gladly take them in.

The next morning they went to this friend's home and were warmly welcomed. Mr. Herzog remained there two days and upon taking his departure offered to pay the woman and her husband for his board. They positively refused to accept a cent. The man of this house was a professional gambler.

After his escape from the hotel on the night of the fire Mr. Herzog witnessed the death of two persons. One of them was a sick woman, who burned to death in a window within full view of thousands of people. Another thrilling sight witnessed was a jump from a third story window by a man almost helplessly crippled by rheumatism, who sustained no injury from the fall.

Killed Near Mt. Alton.

A special to the Bradford Era, dated March 1, says: Michael Lesnock was killed to-day at Bondvein, near here. Lesnock came to town at noon to obtain some supplies and on his return trip to his home at Bondvein, he rode on the pilot of an Erie engine. On reaching the end of his journey he jumped from the locomotive toward a snow bank alongside the track, the engine being in motion at the time. Instead of being imbedded in soft snow as he probably had expected, he struck against the icy crust which had formed on the side of the snow embankment and was hurled back against the side of the engine. The driving rod struck him on the back and he was so badly injured that he lived only an hour.

Lesnock was an employe of the Mt. Alton Chemical Company, which is owned by Bradford capitalists. Some months ago he shot and seriously wounded Mike Rich, a fellow laborer, for alleged familiarity with his wife. Rich was brought to the Bradford hospital for treatment and recovering from his injuries quietly left the city for parts unknown. Lesnock passed some time in the county jail for the assault on Rich, but the Grand Jury refused to indict him and he was liberated. He returned to his home and continued to provide for his family.

The deceased was aged 45 years and is survived by his wife and seven children. He was an industrious, hard working man and was well thought of by the residents of Mt. Alton and vicinity.

An Interesting Picture.

Robt. King has a photograph of the borough of Smethport as it appeared 51 years ago. The picture is from a pen and ink sketch made by Mr. King at that time. He drew the scene from a point on the hillside north of the town and afterwards sent the sketch to relatives in England, who had it photographed and sent him a copy. The picture is quite a work of art and clearly shows all the buildings in town at that time and their surroundings. It is a valuable relic and Mr. King may well feel proud of his possession—the product of his own artistic ability.

Subscribe for the Miner.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

A man at DeGolier offered $8 per thousand for drawing lumber from Prentice Mills to that place, a distance of three or four miles. A teamster took the contract, but had to back down, the roads were so bad. [Nov. 16, 1877]

After a long and tedious illness Mrs. M. L. Armstrong, the only daughter of Jno. R. Chadwick of this place, breathed her last Sunday morning, Nov. 25, 1877, about one o'clock, aged 28 years, 2 months and 26 days. But about three years ago she was married, and a short time after her marriage became a constant attendant upon her invalid mother who died about a year ago, after a long illness, during which her every want was ministered to night and day by her loving and devoted daughter with unremitting care and without regard to her own precarious health. She was never blessed with a very strong constitution, and the strain upon it was rather more than she could bear. Some months ago she became a mother, since which she has been a suffering invalid. Although every care and attention that could be devised by a loving father and husband and numberless friends was bestowed with an unstinted hand her weak and shattered constitution could not be restored, and she gradually sank until she found that rest from pain and suffering which she so deeply longed for.

Her death leaves a mourning and desolate household, the recent loss of the mother so soon followed by the death of the only daughter, the remaining consolation of the deserted father and bereaved husband. The funeral services were largely attended by sympathizing citizens and neighbors, all seeming to unite with the immediate friends in mourning. It was the saddest funeral in this place for years.

Married—At Olean, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1877, by Rev. Henry M. Curtis, Porter Ostrander of Liberty and Miss Ella Gifford of Keating.

A young lad about 14 years old living with Sheriff King met with a peculiar accident a few days ago. He was playing with some boys in front of the court house, and when running fell striking his leg just below the knee upon a stone, and broke the flesh clear to the bone more than half way around the limb, as clean as if it had been cut with a knife. Dr. Brown attended him, and he is doing as well as could be expected, but will be laid up for some time.

Mrs. Willis Barrett was born at LeRoy, Otsego county, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1815. She came to this county with her family at an early day, and was married October 1st, 1835, to Willis Barrett by Rev. John Denning. Her maiden name was Marietta C. Coleman, and she leaves a large and respectable family of brothers and sisters in this county, five of whom were in attendance at her funeral. She also leaves three daughters. The eldest, Sarah, married Mr. C. A. Smith of Milford, Pike county, Pa., a brother of S. W. Smith, Esq., of Port Allegany. The second daughter married Rev. E. B Williams, a former pastor of the M. E. church of this place. The youngest married a Mr. Davis, a lawyer of Meadville.

She died at the residence of her eldest daughter, Mrs. Smith, who being at the time very ill herself, was unable to attend the funeral. Mrs. Barrett was a member of the Methodist church, a lady of Christian character and sterling qualities.

She enjoyed a large acquaintance throughout the county, among whom she was held in high esteem.

Just as we go to press we learn of the death of Mrs. S. E. B. Smith, at her home in Milford. Less than a week ago the funeral of her mother, Mrs. Willis Barrett, was attended in this place. Mrs. Smith had been an invalid for a number of years. [Dec. 13, 1877]

At a good deal of trouble Mart. Armstrong and Freem. Chadwick had arranged a pen in the woods for a deer trap, with a tame deer enclosed as a decoy. Two heedless young hunters from New York state saw the head of the decoy through the brush and blazed away at it. Strange to say they hit it and killed it. Then, according to their story, they discovered their blunder and made inquiries as to its ownership with the purpose in view of paying damages. Meantime Armstrong heard of his loss and with the assistance and advice of E. V. Chadwick had them arrested for malicious mischief. They remained in jail over night, were tried the next day and acquitted, and then gave Armstrong their note for $40 in payment for his deer—a very good price for a deer, providing the note is good. The foregoing is a true story with a moral.

Zack. Carl captured another wolf a day or two since, the second in a few weeks. The county pays a bounty of $25 for each one killed.

A complete stock of Enamel Ware and kitchen Furniture at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

Was an Able Newspaper Writer.

In an editorial commenting upon the death of Jay Cook, the famous financier, and his connection with the Northern Pacific railroad, the Washington Post of Feb. 18th says:

"The failure of the banking house of Jay Cooke & Co. was the signal for the panic of 1873. That failure was brought about by a newspaper man, a Washington correspondent, H. V. Redfield was one of the most delightful writers the National Capital ever knew. It was impossible to read a paragraph of one of his letters without an inveterate craving for more. He had a "tune" to his composition, and it was to correspondence what Matt Carpenter's speeches were to Senatorial discussion—charming as well as able.

"Redfield went over the line of the Northern Pacific as far as it was finished and wrote a series of letters, aggregating nearly seventy columns, of as fine newspaper literature as the American press can boast. He denounced the climate, ridiculed the isothermal line, exposed the poor construction of the road, and predicted that the region would forever remain an arctic wilderness. He was there in the blizzard season of 1871-72, when thousands lost their lives because of the severity of the winter.

"But after the day of liquidation had made its exactions, after a return to specie payments, after prosperity came again, Jay Cook began anew, and again became a rich man. And it is due his memory to say that those who held their Northern Pacific bonds never lost a cent."

The foregoing will bring recollections to many readers of this paper concerning "Vic" Redfield, as he was generally know, who started his newspaper career in the Miner office and at the time of his death was one of the most prominent journalists in the country. He was a son-in-law of Hon. B. D. Hamlin and the father of Mrs. M. M. Gillette, H. H., and S. F. Redfield of this place.

Preferred Death to Imprisonment.

Yesterday after John Truesdale had been found guilty of receiving stolen property and had been sentenced by the Court to one year and three months in the Western penitentiary he was taken in charge by Sheriff Mays and they started for the jail. When they reached the open air Truesdale asked the Sheriff if he had a gun. "I have," answered Mr. Mays, with the suspicion that the prisoner was contemplating a break for liberty, "and I know how to use it." When they were ascending the steps in front of the jail Truesdale begged that the Sheriff let him take his revolver, "I would rather blow out my brains than enter that place," he cried. The prisoner was very much agitated and had to be forced to enter the building.

Truesdale was charged with being implicated in the theft of a keg of beer at Simpson a few months ago, but was convicted only on the count in the indictment charging him with having received stolen goods. His actions in the matter have been peculiar ever since he was arrested, and the authories have reason to believe that he has shielded others throughout the investigation. When brought to trial he refused to employ counsel although he appeared to have plenty of money, as a matter of fact $87 being found in his pocket when he was searched at the jail. The Truesdale case has created considerable discussion and his action in bearing the whole penalty of the offense is in a certain degree admirable.

Detective Gave It Up.

The detective employed by the county to probe the Anna Barrackman murder mystery has given up the job after working on the case six weeks. Few people in this city knew that the county officials had procured a detective as the matter had been done secretly so as not to warn the guilty party that a detective was on his track. He was procured from a Pittsburg agency and was said to be one of the best in the business. He is the same man who worked so successfully on the Dennison poison case at Smethport.

The county paid him $5 a day and his expenses and the man spent the entire time in this city vainly searching for a clue, but did not in all that time even find the slightest thing to work upon so he gave up the job of his own accord and departed for his home in Pittsburg.

The city police have practically given up the search as they have been unable to find anything that would disclose the identity of the person who committed the deed.—Bradford Herald.

For Sale.

Desirable lot, 32x115 feet, on Main street, between Dr. Brown's office and J. W. Pickersgill's. Inquire of —— JOHN BERGQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

House for Sale.

A 16 room boarding house with bath, modern conveniences and all furnishings. Will be sold cheap for cash. Inquire of Mrs. Mary O'Day, Hazelhurst, Pa.

The Blue Flame Heater; just the proper thing. No smoke or smell. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Big bargains in baby push sleds at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

THE MARQUIS BRAND

By Zoe Anderson Norris.

Copyright, 1904, by Zoe Anderson Norris

THE marquis kept a secondhand shop in Ann street. Of all the dingy shops in Ann street the shop of the marquis was perhaps the dingiest. Some said the dust on the secondhand things was about a foot thick, and, while they might have exaggerated it a trifle, the thickness was in reality of a nature to be felt at once upon entering the door. There was dust on the ceiling, dust on the floor, dust on the old books lining the dusty bookshelves, dust on the antiques and dust everywhere.

Except that his customers were of those who delve after old articles, secondhand candlesticks too ancient to shine, secondhand books warranted to contain dust and bookworms, he would in all probability have had no customers at all.

As it was, they were so few and far between that the marquis was obliged to practice the most rigid economy in his manner of living. He slept in a little dusty back room of the shop, breakfasted on an orange and the filtered sunshine that leaked dingily in at the window and dined, as a rule, at one of those places (so numerous downtown in the zigzag streets, through which the antlike crowd meanders swiftly, restlessly and, with apparent aimlessness, though each, as a matter of fact, is bound for the selfsame goal) where one sits on a high stool at a counter and drinks muddy coffee from a big, thick, crudely yellow cup.

When times were good, however, the marquis betook himself to a restaurant around the corner in Fulton street where you went down brass steps that gleamed in the sunshine in the summer time, but were very dangerous and slippery in the winter for tottering feet not too well shod, and entered a long, low room where there were many tables upon which were spread tablecloths.

It was these tablecloths that particularly pleased the marquis. In contrast with the rude wooden counter at which he ordinarily sat on a circle of strange faces the seclusion of the little white table at a window all by himself seemed luxury.

Then the waiter handed him a napkin. Sometimes, also, when he was not too busy, he went so far as to spread this napkin over the marquis' ancient and trembling knees.

This courtesy and the snowiness of the napkin possibly brought to him a remembrance of past grandeur, for it often happened that, sitting fingering it, testing its quality, which was not of the best, but good, he would in his absorption forget to give his order to the waiter who stood impatiently by, then, coming to himself, would apologize, with a little old fashioned ceremonious bow and a wan and faraway smile, for keeping him waiting.

The marquis had patronized the restaurant in Fulton street for many moons before Beefsteak John, its proprietor, got to know him for what he was.

It happened this way:

During the visit of Henry, prince of Germany, to New York a band of pa-

THE WAITER HANDED HIM A NAPKIN.

triotic Germans secured a large round table at Beefsteak John's for a dinner party in honor of their prince; not that the prince was to be present in person at this humble board—they were to hang his picture, not in effigy, but in admiration, above it—but that they might have the pleasure of drinking together to his good health and honor.

The table had been laid with the snowiest of linen. A big pink bunch of flowers had been placed in the center thereof, and chairs to the number of the guests tiptilted themselves obsequiously and waitingly forward.

Then the marquis came down the brass steps holding on to the rail for fear of slipping, and took his seat at his table by the window, which was only half window, being part skylight, since the restaurant had seen fit to locate itself underground.

He watched the table with interest, his faded old eyes lighting up as the Germans came in one by one, tilted back the bowing chairs and sat down in them.

It was a hilarious dinner. A good many steins of beer—more, indeed, than were absolutely necessary—were drunk to the health of the German prince, and the waiters were not allowed for the moment to let the grass grow under their feet to any great extent.

The marquis forgot to eat his own dinner in his excitement. He sat look-

"THEY USED TO DRINK IN THAT WAY TO ME."

ing on, delighted, and when the party arose in a body to propose for the seventeenth time the health of their prince it was with difficulty that he refrained from rising too.

At last, though, the frown of the waiter, impatient to clear his table for a newcomer from whom he might receive a more generous tip, convinced him that it was time for him to leave, which he did regretfully.

As he paid his bill he looked back over his shoulder at the crowd still standing, still drinking, still hilariously carrying, and said timidly to Beefsteak John, who behind his desk awaited the advent of the moth eaten dollar from the slender purse:

"They used to drink in that way to me, in my own country," he added, "I am a marquis."

Beefsteak John clapped his large hand over his mouth to conceal the laugh. When he took it away his face was rigid, but as the marquis stumbled up the stairs he leaned forward and whispered hoarsely to the German crowd:

"There goes a marquis!"

But the marquis never once connected the guffaw of laughter which followed him up the stairs from the crowd of Germans who were so gayly engaged in drinking steins of beer to the health of their prince with himself.

After that whenever the marquis appeared in the doorway Beefsteak John hastened to wave his hand in the direction of the waiter.

"The marquis!" he was wont to exclaim. And the waiter, entering into the joke, made a mad rush to attend to his needs.

Beefsteak John was not without a sense of humor. He relished the "joke" that the marquis was giving him. He amused himself with it. The marquis was daily pointed out to each newcomer as an honored patron of the house, and such history as he could take time to manufacture was dished up to them along with the pate de foie gras. He had castles in the old country. He was possessed of vast riches. It was only his eccentricity which caused him to run a secondhand shop full of dust laden antiquities in Ann street. A little touched he might be, no doubt was, but harmless and aristocratic, as one could readily see, with his gentle ways and his delicate features, yellow and immobile as any old carved curio to be found in his own establishment.

Indeed, it was absolutely necessary to invent fiction in his case, for after that first ebullition of feeling which had carried him away to the extent of revealing his identity the marquis had not seen fit to reveal anything further.

Beefsteak John eventually became so interested in the joke that had been sprung upon him that he caused a brand of cigars to be issued and sold from his desk which he called after the marquis, "The Marquis Brand."

This brand sprang into instantaneous popularity among the habitues of the place. Whenever the marquis sat at his little table of the white napkin and cloth the cigars sold with even more rapidity, for Beefsteak John, with an obsequious bow, pointed him out as he passed the box, then turned his broad back to conceal his laughter as the marquis, smiling his slow and gentle smile, returned the bow as one to the manner born and accustomed to adulation.

Then it came to pass that among those human ants that swarm along the old network paths of the lower town, going each and every one resistlessly, restlessly, relentlessly toward the selfsame identical goal, one ant dropped out.

Beefsteak John began all at once to miss the marquis. He came no more down the brassy steps to sit at the little table of the white cloth and bow in answer to his irony, for he had reached the goal.

Beefsteak John sent a waiter to question as to his whereabouts.

The waiter found the door of the dusty shop closed, the shelves empty. The unwashed window revealed only the square of light from the dimmer back window which looked dingily through.

"Dead!" frowned Beefsteak John. "But how and when, and who saw to his burial?" Then, "Why," he burst out, "didn't they let us know?"

But how could they, whoever they were—those theys who break open locked doors to find the dead lying quietly within, who were strangers perhaps, the oftenest are—know of Beefsteak John and his restaurant and his heart, which was large in spite of the fact that he must have his little fun over those who pretended, though ever so thinly, that they were what they were not?

"The marquis is dead," said Beefsteak John that night, and, with a great sigh, passed a box of "The Marquis Brand" to be smoked to his memory.

He was the talk of a week, not more, and the marquis was numbered among those who are forgotten.

Then one fine day in June—all this happened in the winter time, when the snow was on the pavement and on the slippery brass steps going down into the restaurant—a carriage stopped at the door, and a girl alighted.

Beefsteak John looked out wonderingly. So did the waiters. So did those who happened just then to be taking their lunch inside.

She was a beautiful girl, most dubiously dressed in filmy black. A thin, soft black veil half revealed, half hid, the rose of her complexion.

She came lightly down the steps and stood at the desk. "I want to see," she began in a girlish treble that trembled a little, "The Marquis Brand of cigars I am told you have here."

Beefsteak John, wondering still more that a beautiful, dainty girl should ask to see a brand of cigars, brought forth a box and, opening it, handed it to her.

She held it in her hand. A tear rose to the blue eye and fell.

"It is my father," she explained, "who was the marquis. He kept me at school in France while he came to New

HE BROUGHT FORTH A BOX.

York to recuperate his lost fortunes. He lost his castles in France, you know."

No, Beefsteak John did not know, but he bowed a courteous assent to this charming girl, as he would have done to the queen of England herself, dropped out of the moon and was not her way back again.

"He wrote me of his hopes. You had done him a kindness, he said, and so I have come to thank you for your kindness, and to ask you to let me shake you by the hand."

With that, after ordering a few thousand boxes of The Marquis Brand to be sent to her home in France for her father's friends, she fluttered up the steps into her carriage and Beefsteak John, holding on to the precious bill she had taken between her two little ones as if he feared it might have done it up in paper to keep it from contamination, cried: "I wish I had known!" then repeated, with a tempestuous sigh that was like a sob, "I wish I had known!"

The Abuse of Salt.

How easy it is to get too much of a good thing! Salt, one of the most absolute necessities of life when taken in small quantities, may by incessant injudicious use become a violent poison. Before the German sailors were enforced by law to eat sauerkraut once a day to counteract the effect of salt foods the death rate among them was enormous.

An anecdote is told of an Indian medicine man who experimented with salt upon his wife. From the day of their wedding he allowed her to eat nothing but salt meat and highly salted vegetables, while he ate a great deal of pepper. Before the year was out his wife pined and died, while he was still enjoying the best of health. Little daunted at what might be a coincidence, he married again and continued the salt experiment on squaw No. 2. When she died, after a corresponding length of time, he was convinced that highly salted food was not a healthful diet. Continuing the use of pepper, he lived to be the oldest man of the tribe.

Waiting Upon His Bride.

Two hundred years ago it was a custom very general in England for the bridegroom to wait upon his bride on their wedding day. The following extract from John Shebbeare's "Matrimony," a book published in the middle of the eighteenth century, testifies to this and refers to the popular superstition about it: "The dinner being served, Sir Oliver was the gayest man in the company. The bridegroom and bride sitting by the side of each other, the old gentleman observed: 'Ods-heart, ods-heart! What, dine with the bride the first day! A fine bridegroom; a fine bridegroom! It was the fashion when I was married to stand behind the bride's chair with a napkin and serve her. Serve her today; she'll serve you always after.'"

A Mean Suggestion.

"You know," said Miss Kreech after her solo, "I intend to go abroad to finish my musical education."

"Why not finish it right now," suggested Miss Cadley, "and save the expense?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

CHOPPING HIM DOWN.

A Practical Joke That Was a Boomerang to the Woodsmen.

There is nothing that so cheers the heart of the lumberman as to play a practical joke on one whom he calls a "greenhorn," or, in other words, any one unused to the ways of a lumber camp. One of the harshest and most dangerous, although it is the most admired, writes Charles G. D. Roberts in "Around the Campfire," is that known as "chopping him down".

This means, in a word, that the stranger in camp is invited to climb a tall tree to take observations or enjoy a remarkable view. No sooner has he reached the top than two or three vigorous axmen attack the tree at its base. Long before he can reach the ground the tree begins to topple. As a general rule the heavy branches so break the fall of the tree that the victim finds himself uninjured. There are cases, however, where men have been crippled for life.

Mr. Roberts gives an experience of his own which did not come out exactly as the lumbermen expected. He had climbed into a magnificent pine tree one day. No sooner was he two thirds up the tree than the lumbermen set to work to "chop him down."

"I thanked them for their attention," he writes, "and climbed a few feet farther up to secure a position which I saw would be a safe one for me when the tree should fall. As I did so I perceived, with a gasp and a tremor, that I was not alone in the tree.

"There, not ten feet above me, stretched at full length along a branch, was a huge panther. From the men below his form was quite concealed.

"I laughed to myself as I thought how my tormentors would be taken aback when that panther should come down among them. I decided that there would be no more danger to them than that to which they were exposing me in their reckless felling.

"The great mass of foliage made the fall a comparatively slow one. Then came the final thunderous crash, and in an instant I found myself standing in my place, jarred, but unhurt.

"The next instant there was another roar, overwhelming the laughter of the woodsmen, and out of the pine boughs shot the panther in a whirlwind of fury. He turned half round and greeted his enemies with one horrific snarl and then bounded off into the forest at a pace which made it idle to pursue him.

"The men seemed almost to think that I had conjured up the panther for the occasion. I thanked them most fervently for coming to my rescue with such whole hearted good will, and promised them that if ever again I got into a tree with a panther I would send for them at once."

The Small Men.

It is not easy at a moment's notice to come at once telling exactly the heights of mentally great men. The physical characteristics of his hero rarely concern the biographer. But Napoleon, Wellington and Nelson constitute an immortal triumvirate whom most looking inches have ever as their champions. Pope and Gray were of the tiny ones; Flaxman, the father of English sculpture, was shorter and more misshapen than Pope. De Quincey and Douglas Jerrold, Sir Charles James Napier and Lord Chief Justice Cockburn add luster to the list of the lank inches. Croften Croker, who gave the fairy legends and folklore of Ireland as literature, was described by Scott, his admirer, as "little as a dwarf." Lord John Russell was so slight of stature as to have it said of him that he had barely sufficient body to cover his brain. And, setting aside the mere matter of sex, it must be remembered that England's greatest modern ruler, Queen Victoria, was tiny in the extreme.—St. James' Gazette.

A Most Polite Complaint.

A clubman who had served on the house committee of a New York yacht club tells of an odd complaint made by a millionaire member. The members of the house committee kept a copy of the letter of complaint. It read as follows:

"Gentlemen—I have the honor to inform you that I lunched at the club this afternoon and had as my guests three gentlemen all well known gourmets. Among the dishes that I ordered an omelet was served which contained only three flies. As an old member of the club, jealous of its reputation as to generosity of portions, this naturally touched my pride; it was, moreover, embarrassing, because in order to make an equitable division of the omelet, it was necessary either to divide a fly—a nice bit of carving, as you must concede—or to forego a fly myself. I beg to suggest that in future when an omelet is ordered for four persons it should be served with either (a) four flies or (b) no flies at all."

He Heard the Voice.

This story is told of a well known London surgeon, whose heart is said to be as gentle as his manner is rough: He went from his warm bed at 4 o'clock one bitter morning to attend a tiny boy who was in a perilous plight from diphtheria. He hastily performed the operation of tracheotomy and, to his joy, saw the child revive. During the next few days everything passed off beautifully, but the doctor wanted to hear his small friend speak. This so far the patient had not done. "I am sorry he can't speak to me, nurse, because I'm going up to London today and shan't know whether to bring him a horse or a gun." It was the doctor speaking at the little one. A tiny finger stole up to the wounded throat, and the ghost of a baby's voice whispered, "Please, doctor, bwing me a lickle gun." He got the "lickle gun," and the doctor knew that the child's voice was safe.

His Favorite Instrument.

"The tout ensemble of that orchestra is remarkably good," remarked Mr. Newrich's host at the box party. "Don't you think so?"

"You bet it is!" responded Mr. Newrich enthusiastically. "I like to watch the feller that's playin' it slide it back and forth—looks as if he was swallerin' it!"—Cleveland Leader.

THE OCEAN STEAMERS

FLOATING CITIES WITH A VARIETY OF OCCUPATIONS.

The Diversion of Industry and the Trades and Professions That Are Represented in the Crew of a Great Atlantic Liner.

The great Atlantic liners have often been described as floating cities, and in at least one particular the comparison is entirely accurate—that is to say, in the variety of occupations represented on shipboard. A big steamship will in her flight from land to land carry a population of perhaps 2,000, of whom the majority, of course, are passengers—people of all professions and lines of business. Leaving passengers out of account, however, and considering only the 500 or thereabouts who go to make up the liner's crew, one will easily find representatives of nearly all the trades of a thriving community ashore.

This diversity of industry represents an evolution—or, rather, a revolution—that has come along with the development of the gigantic modern steamship. In the old days of sailing ships all the members of the vessel's crew were sailors and performed one part or another of a sailor's work. Even the redoubtable cook was usually much better versed in matters relating to spars and rattlines than he was in the secrets of the culinary art. But today the matter is different. Navigation of the big Atlantic liners is a complicated task, and the number of men required to carry it on is ten times greater than on even the biggest ships of a century ago. The variety of their vocations has of course been multiplied to correspond with the increased complexity.

The sailors are in a small minority nowadays. True, you will see a number of seamen on the big ships, and these still have their duties to perform, duties which, however, have nothing to do with the handling of sails, for not in a number of years has canvas been spread on any of the big liners. But common sailors seem few in comparison with the men of other trades, whose usefulness on shipboard the sea captain of a generation or two ago would have found hard to explain or even understand.

Some of the greatest changes in the conditions of service have come about, naturally enough, through the introduction of steam machinery. The presence of electricity means that the liner must carry not only a number of engineers, but also several machinists to keep in order the complicated mechanism of pumps and blowers and deck engines which a big vessel carries. Then, since every great passenger ship is provided throughout with a modern plumbing system, she must have in readiness a qualified plumber. An expert electrician is also needed to look after the electric lighting plant, a refrigerating engineer for the cold storage plant and a number of other representatives of different branches of the engineering profession.

Instead of the ancient cook with his very limited accomplishments the up to date liner has an expert chef, besides bakers, confectioners and also the other gastronomic specialists to be found in the big fashionable hotels ashore. A ship's butcher cuts the roasts and joints and takes general charge of the meat supply, and there are several storekeepers, who, it is true, do not sell goods, but who keep as exact account of all the groceries and other supplies issued for the use of passengers and crew as though their livelihood depended upon it.

Besides these, every liner carries a barber, for passengers long ago gave up the habit of going unshaven from beginning to end of the voyage. The barber has a comfortable little shop, and next door to him perhaps is installed the storekeeper, who from the nature of his clientele is required to be adept in mixing the drinks of all nations. Still more surprising to the inexperienced traveler it will perhaps be to learn that the big steamships carry four or five bootblacks to keep the passengers in shines.

Of the learned professions the only one regularly represented is that of medicine. Every liner carries a surgeon, who not only attends to passengers or members of the crew who may fall ill, but who is also charged with the general supervision of the health and sanitation of the vessel. There are usually plenty of "sea lawyers" on board—not that there is any demand for legal services—and if clergymen are not among the passengers the captain or purser is qualified to read the service on Sundays.

The issuing of a paper containing telegraphic news involves of course an editor and a wireless telegrapher. The editorial duties are assumed by the purser, and the wireless operator not only receives the news for the ship's paper, but takes and transmits messages for the passengers as well. The ship's printer prints not only the ship's newspaper, but the daily menus and concert programmes as well.

Most of the liners carry one or more musicians. Some have fully equipped bands that furnish daily music, and those liners which do not include a complete musical outfit have at least one or more buglers to sound the calls for meals and for inspection.

Every liner has on board a carpenter who makes necessary interior repairs and looks after the boat's tanks and wells, and there are to be found among the stewards and seamen handy men of other trades. All of which goes to show that the modern "floating city" is a very cosmopolitan and, if need be, a very self reliant community.

That which is called liberality is frequently nothing more than the vanity of giving, of which we are more fond than of the thing given.—Rochefoucauld.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

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"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

SPECIALISTS FAILED; CAL-CURA SUCCEEDED.

"I suffered from bladder trouble for about 25 years, and had tried all the doctors about here, and also two specialists in New York, without getting any help. Last August I bought a bottle of Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. Kennedy's new medicine. I had not been able to work at my trade (boiler making) for some time, but after taking one bottle of Calcura Solvent, I began work and have been working ever since."—Martin Fuller, Matteawan, N.Y. All druggists, $1.

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Fresh Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

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I am always head quarters.

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Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

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In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

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"I am well now and enjoying better health than ever before in my whole life."

That is the statement of a woman who had never been well until she was made well by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. There are a great many other women in like case. They have always been sufferers from disease. They have never known the joy of perfect health.

For all such women Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription holds out the prospect of perfect and permanent health, by the cure of the womanly diseases which weaken women. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"It gives me pleasure to let you know of the great benefit received from Dr. Pierce's medicines and the advice which you so kindly sent," writes Mrs. Bertie Parker, of Hamlin, Fannin Co., Texas. "I took your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' and followed your advice regarding the 'Lotion Tablets,' and am cured. I had been treated by different doctors and spent one hundred dollars for treatment and medicine, but received very little relief. I have only spent seventeen dollars and fifty cents for your medicine and it has cured me in three or four months of ulceration and falling of uterus. I suffered severe misery in my back, also irregular periods. Had bearing down in lower portion of body and great pain all through my body. Pain in uterus was very severe. Had smothering spells, breath was very short all the time, had pain in stomach, pain in my thighs, pain in breast, also between my shoulders. Bowels constipated. I am well now and enjoying better health than ever before in my whole life. Am happy to tell you that I was cured by your good advice and good medicines, the 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' 'Pleasant Pellets' and 'Lotion Tablets.' These medicines cured me and will cure others also."

The dealer who offers a substitute for "Favorite Prescription" does so to gain the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines. His profit is your loss, therefore accept no substitute.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate the bowels.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

THE BIG STORE.

THE UNIVERSAL BREAD MAKER

Mixes and Kneads Bread thoroughly in 3 Minutes.

Hands do not touch the dough.

Does away with hand Kneading and Makes Better Bread.

SIMPLE ◆ EASY ◆ SANITARY

SOLD BY

J. C. HAMLIN.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 2, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Dance at the Lyceum Saturday night.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett advertises a sale of stationery this week.

—Monheimer's ad to-day has a cash value. Read it and gain by it.

—The Lindholm Company have a new ad this week that is of especial interest to ladies.

—James P. Grossman, formerly of Eldred, died at State College, Pa., on Monday of last week, aged about 24 years.

—Ernest C. Ostrander, son of the late W. C. Ostrander of Liberty township, acted as doorkeeper at criminal court this week.

—Mrs. J. C. Cunningham is recovering from a severe attack of rheumatism, which will be pleasant news to her many friends.

—Thorough and accurate scholarship characterizes work done at Edinboro Normal. Send for catalog. Spring term opens March 28th. John F. Bigler, prin.

—Fishing through the ice on Potato creek has become quite a popular pastime with some fishermen, and it is said, some enormous strings of suckers have been captured.

—There must be an unusually large production of hogs in Port Allegany this season. According to the Reporter they only bring eight cents a hundred dressed in that section.

—A shirt went through a Bradford laundry with two diamond studs in the bosom and the owner got them back with the shirt. Some enterprising editor, commenting on the above states that this is a most remarkable shirt tale.

—The dance given by the Smethport Hose Co. Tuesday night was a social and financial success. The Lyceum orchestra furnished music and every one had a good time. A pleasing feature of the evening's entertainment was the clog dancing exhibition given by a young man named Bolton.

—Mr. William H. Frailer of Baltimore Md., and Miss Xenia Maxson of Ceres, N. Y., were married in Port Allegany, Sunday, Feb. 18, by Rev. W. H. Mentzer. The groom is a well known glassworker and the bride has been employed for a number of years as a compositor on the Port Allegany Argus.

Don't Like Their Own Medicine.

Dentists are, as a rule, not living testimonials to their profession. "It is because we know how much a tooth can be hurt that we dislike to get into a chair ourselves," one of the craft explained the other day. "I had to fill a tooth for a fellow dentist last week and found it simply impossible to do a good job. He twisted and turned, grabbed my hand when he saw it coming his way and absolutely refused to let me do enough cutting to hold the filling solidly. Finally I patched the tooth up somehow, and he wouldn't let me polish off the edges. Give me the most hysterical woman before a dentist every time."—New York Tribune.

Monocles in the English Army.

About a century ago a British army order was issued forbidding officers to wear eyeglasses or spectacles. But a shortsighted officer belonging to a crack cavalry regiment had no mind to resign his commission or stumble blindly, and he invented the single eyeglass. When called to account by the authorities he claimed that the monocle, being of the singular number, did not contravene the order against spectacles and glasses in the plural. Red tape accepted this literal rendering of the law, and, becoming popular in the British army, the monocle was adopted by civilian beaus.

Take Cancer In Time.

An English specialist declares that "too late" has yet to be said in one half or three fourths of the cancer cases when seen by the operating surgeon. A general acceptance of the view that cancer has usually a precancerous stage and that this stage is the one in which an operation ought to be performed would be the means of saving many lives.

The Amateur Farmer's Success.

"There goes a 'book farmer' that refutes the stock joke about what failures they are."

"How is that?"

"His favorite text book is 'Success With Small Fruits,' and he has succeeded in growing the smallest fruit I ever saw."—Brooklyn Life.

Improved Rapidly.

Singing Master—Why, you have no voice at all! Singer—Well, but I always pay for my lessons double the amount usually paid by others. Singing Master—Say that again; your voice sounded much better, I thought.

Never Had a Chance.

"What is the greatest speech that congress ever developed?"

"The greatest speech," said the statesman with the disappointed look, "was never delivered. I wrote it myself."—Washington Star.

Lawful Debt Long Uncollected.

When Mike left [illegible] of Brother Rubbles, who [illegible] and also "farms it" [illegible] county, Mike owed [illegible] balance to Brother [illegible] seemed quite willing [illegible] but more intimate [illegible] Brother Rubbles never [illegible] the account would be [illegible] in one time.

After Brother Rubbles [illegible] even to drop gentle hints [illegible] the little bill Mike became [illegible] of a single lusty hog, of which he was inordinately proud. He brought about it unceasingly, and Brother Rubbles made a friendly call one day to see it and praised the hog in a way that delighted the heart of the lucky owner.

"Can't see how ye got him so fat, Mike," said Brother Rubbles. "Mine don't fill out that way. I guess it takes an Irishman to bring up a pig." Then after a pause Brother Rubbles added: "I've got a shote I'll give ye if you want it. I should like to see what ye can do with my stock."

There is an old saying that sets forth the danger of trusting the Greeks even when they offer gifts, but Mike had never heard it. At the first opportunity he went over to Brother Rubbles' barn and brought away the scrawniest-looking shote that ever lived.

The next day Brother Rubbles "levied" on the big hog. The law would not have permitted him to do that so long as Mike was the owner of only one pig.

Ocean Streams.

The fresh inflow of salt water from the Arctic seas which mingles with the inflow of the rivers produces in the regions of the north and east of the New Siberian archipelago a vast cold, clearing out current, which carries before it all the fragments of the central ice field, forming thus a mighty drift toward the eastern coast of Greenland. This cold current bears along on its surface floes, ice fields, icebergs, hummocks, etc., and washes up along the Greenland coast an almost insuperable barrier. When this current reaches Cape Farewell it divides, one portion descending straight toward Newfoundland, while the other goes to increase the current in Baffin's bay and Hudson strait. It is this last mentioned current which carries icebergs even down to the latitude of Vigo, and its power plays an important and capricious part in the meteorology of Europe.

Timely Advice.

When a certain financial panic broke out the senior editor of a trade journal published in the interests of business men and promoters was on a visit to a mining town. Fearful lest his junior in the office at home might give editorial utterance to pessimistic views and weaken public confidence still further, he hastened to a telegraph office and dispatched a brief message of advice.

It happened that the junior partner on this particular day had just become the father of a pair of fine twin boys. While his friends in the office were congratulating him upon this event a messenger entered with a telegram. He opened it and read the following message from the senior partner:

Dear George—Things look blue, but they will brighten up soon. Take a cheerful view of the situation. HIRAM.

The Great American Novel.

The great American novel, of which so much was once heard, does not come, but the work is gradually being written in departments. The country is too vast, as the novelists have perhaps seen, for one novel to cover the ground as they used to hope. They are, therefore, specializing, and some of them are writing so conscientiously and observing so well that those of our own practitioners whose tendency is to repeat a convention rather than return afresh to life with each book ought to be feeling uncomfortable.—London Times.

An Apology.

An excited military man entered the editorial sanctum of the Odessa (Mo.) Democrat, exclaiming: "That notice of my death is false, sir! I will horsewhip you within an inch of your life, sir, if you don't apologize in your next issue." The editor inserted the following the next day: "We regret extremely to announce that the paragraph which stated that Major Blazer was dead is without foundation."

A Polite Necessity.

"Your daughter is highly accomplished, I suppose?"

"Well," answered Mrs. Gumrox, "she knows a great deal about English literature and can speak several languages, but I wish I could hire somebody to teach her just what slang it is proper to use in fashionable society."—Washington Star.

Freaks of Fate.

"There goes Tuffnut, the pugilist. Under other circumstances he might have made a success of a very different kind."

"No doubt. With a fair tenor voice and his peculiar system of fighting he would have made a tremendous success on the opera stage."—New York Press.

The Trust in Doctors.

Fawle—When you come to think of it it's really remarkable how many people trust a doctor. Crosby—Yes. But don't you think it's even more wonderful how many people a doctor trusts?

Not Guilty.

"One of you boys has been stealing raisins again. I have found the seeds on the floor. Which one of you was it?" Tommy—It wasn't me. I swallowed the seeds in mine.

It would be a much more progressive world if we economized the time we give to other people's business.—Puck.

PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

Did Not Stop to Think.

[illegible] amount of energy people sometimes spend in making a bad matter worse is illustrated by the story of a man encountering in a street car told recently by a New York man.

"I was on a Broadway car, and there were few passengers. A man boarded the car and sat down by my side. His clothing was muddy and torn, and he had a handkerchief wrapped round one hand.

"I guess I am the biggest fool in town," he remarked. I looked interested, and he continued:

"See that car four blocks ahead? Well, I ran a block to overtake it and gave the conductor a dime. He handed me a nickel, which fell from my hand to the street. I yelled for him to stop, however. He did not do it, and I jumped off and landed all sprawled out like an old saddle. See my clothes? Well, the jump did it."

I asked the man if he found the nickel.

"Oh, yes. I found the nickel, but what good did it do me? I could not overtake the car from which I had jumped, and so I boarded this car and gave the nickel to the conductor. So I skinned my hand, spoiled my clothes and risked my neck just to find that I'd sent piece and give it to the street railway."

All the Transfers She Had.

As a bevy of laughing girls rose to get off a street car the other day at a point where transfers are given they were followed by a demure young woman who had been absorbed in a novel. Just before she alighted she asked the conductor for a transfer, and he, thinking all the girls were of one party, gave her six, which she took without noticing and held in her hand as she stood on the corner waiting for her car, the other girls having gone on walking. When the reader got her car she took a seat and was soon lost again in her novel. Then the conductor came up, and she held out the slips. He took them, counted them and then looked around with a puzzled expression. "Where are the others?" he asked. "Oh," replied the young woman, looking up a moment from her book, "that's all he gave me."—Philadelphia Record.

The First Phonograph.

The first words reproduced and uttered by a phonograph are naturally a matter of historical interest. When Edison was at work on his first phonograph many weeks were consumed in experiment. It is said that when the talking machine was first discovered it was as much a surprise to its inventor as to the world. The Wizard was working on some telephonic receivers and was led to put a piece of tinfoil on a cylinder. It recorded sound, and Edison was convinced that the human voice could be recorded and produced. When the time came to make an actual test Edison, with his mind on mechanical details, absentmindedly tested his contrivance with the familiar phrase, "Mary had a little lamb." The verse was the first record taken by the machine.

Strengthening the Nerves.

Self control or nerve force is the great lesson of health and therefore of life itself. To understand how to relax is to understand how to strengthen nerves. Hearty laughter is a source of relaxation, as are also all high thoughts, as those of hope, beauty, trust or love. Relaxation is found in diversion. An occasional outing or holiday is necessary. As there are conscious and unconscious thoughts, there are conscious and unconscious nerve tensions. Women when shopping do not know the very tight grip they give their parcels until, on reaching home, their hands fall relaxed in their laps, and they say they are so tired.—Health Culture.

The Emerald.

An emerald that has no flaw in it is typical of the purest love. Some people say that, as few such stones can be found, purest love is necessarily rare. An emerald was always thought to possess the power of discovering treachery in the shape of alleged friends. The emerald is exceedingly popular in courtships and in marriages. After marriage it is supposed to bring harmony into the household and to further domestic joys in every possible way. To lose an emerald is said to bring business misfortunes and disaster.

A Helpless Woman.

"My wife's the most helpless creature," growled Cadby, "simply can't do anything without bothering me to help her."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Only last night I had to reach up and get a candle off the shelf of the pantry for her so she could go down cellar and bring up a scuttle of coal."—Philadelphia Press.

Disgusted.

Arthur—Weren't you awfully frightened when you saw the burglar in your room? Theodore—I was worse than frightened; I was disgusted. He said if I said a word I was a dead man. Absurd, don't you know. A dead man couldn't talk.—Boston Transcript.

Nothing to Flee From.

Mother—So your little playmate is sick. What is the matter with her? Little Dot—I don't know, but it's something with an awful long name, so I guess it's a real respectable sort of disease. May I go to see her?

His Main Duty.

Employer (to new office boy)—Has the cashier told you what you are to do this afternoon? Office Boy—Yes, sir; I'm to wake him when I see you coming.—Scraps.

A watch taken to the top of Mont Blanc will gain thirty-six seconds in twenty-four hours.

Duff's COLLEGE

The Oldest Church.

The oldest Christian church in the world is at Rome. Not far from the great church of St. Maria Maggiore, in a street bearing the same name, is the much smaller church of St. Puentiana, which tradition as well as the opinion of archæological experts declares to be the most ancient of the Christian edifices of Rome.

About the middle of the first century a certain Roman senator named Pudens had a house on this spot. He was a Christian convert and, it is said, a distant relative of Paul, the apostle, who lodged with him from A. D. 41 to 50 and converted his two daughters, Praxedes and Pudentiana. For the religious uses of himself and guests he built a small chapel in this house, and when he died in 96 and his wife a year later his daughter added a baptistery, the plans for which were drawn by Pius, the then bishop of Rome. In course of time a church was erected on the site of the original house of Pudens and consecrated by the bishop in 108 or 145.

The Rented Babies of Paris.

The written law provides for every child in France that the government supplement the home education and when necessary replace it entirely, but as a matter of fact there are scores of children in Paris especially, who have shaken free of their parents or been cast off by them and who live a vagabond existence, playing hide and seek with the officers of the law. Among this band the commonest offense is begging, though generally there is some older person back of the whining specimens one meets with on the streets. The fruitful incomes in this profession are obtained only through children. During the nights between New Year's and Christmas a baby in long clothes, especially if it be delicate looking, rents for as high as $5 or $6. Ills, brothers and sisters from one to five years old bring $2, while those still older are worth a dollar on the coldest days.—Harper's Magazine.

What a Hand May Mean.

In all my experiences and thoughts I am conscious of a hand. Whatever touches me, whatever thrills me, is as a hand that touches me in the dark, and that touch is my reality. You might as well say that a sight which makes you mad or a blow which brings the stinging tears to your eyes is unreal as to say that those impressions are unreal which I have accumulated by means of touch. The delicate tremble of a butterfly's wings in my hand, the soft petals of violets curling in the cool folds of their leaves or lifting sweetly out of the meadow grass, the clear, firm outline of face and limb, the smooth arch of a horse's neck and the velvety touch of his nose—all these, and a thousand resultant combinations, which take shape in my mind, constitute my world.—Helen Keller in Century.

A BROKEN PROMISE

is bad for the breaker, no matter what business he is in. When we promise to do a job of

PLUMBING

for you, we would no more break our word than we would jump in the river. These two things we pride ourselves on; thoroughness and promptness. We don't know whether we ought to be proud of our small bills. But will leave you to judge.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. ROBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co., Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Eleven of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

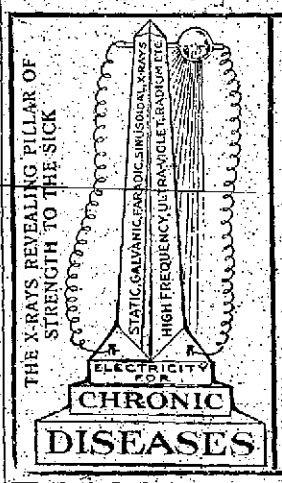
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.



J. W. KING, M. D.

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

SPECIAL FACILITIES for the Treatment of Cancer, Tuberculosis, Lupus, and other ailments rebellious to medical and surgical means. The oldest X-Ray and Electrical Laboratory, for the purpose of diagnosis and treatment of diseases, in Western Pennsylvania.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's BAKERY IS THE PLACE FOR PIES, COOKIES, CAKES, BREAD, ETC.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 2, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR SHERIFF.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.
BURT MCALLISTER.

Bradford, Jan. 2, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.
GEORGE W. MITCHELL,

Smethport, Jan. 4, 1905.

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

EDITOR MINER:—You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, subject to the Republican primaries.
SAMUEL E. BELL.

Smethport, Jan. 23, 1905.

TO THE EDITOR.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the position of Prothonotary of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries, March 25.
J. L. JOHNSON.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 22, 1905.

FOR RECORDER OF DEEDS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of Recorder of Deeds, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
H. M. CHOATE.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 21, 1905.

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
JOHN B. EASTMAN.

Smethport, Jan. 30, 1905.

CLERK OF COURTS.

EDITOR MINER:—Thereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of General and Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
W. H. MORRISON.

Smethport, Feb. 7, 1905.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of Republican voters at the primaries.
JOHN A. PETERSON.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 23, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries.
GEORGE GRIFFITHS.

Kane, Pa., Jan. 23, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
C. A. DUKE.

Duke Centre, Pa., Feb. 20, 1905.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

The MINER is authorized to announce H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett as a candidate for District Attorney, subject to the usages of the Republican party.

EDITOR MINER:—Thereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for the office of District Attorney of McKean county subject to the decision of the voters at the Republican primaries.
GUY B. MAYO.

Smethport, Feb. 7, 1905.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
OSCAR BAGSTROM.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 21, 1905.

STATE DELEGATE.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the position of Delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the decision of the Republicans of McKean county at the coming primaries.
THOMAS B. WILSON.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 14, 1905.

FIGHTING on a large scale is again in progress between the Russians and Japanese armies in Manchuria. As usual, the Japanese are reported to have the best of it, although some gains are admitted for the Russian forces. The Japanese show additional evidences of civilization in the fact that a number of "grafters" have been discovered in the commissary department and the affair has caused quite a scandal.

WE understand that the libelous article published in the Roulette Recorder in reference to the county auditors of Potter county was written by an outside party and published by Editor Corwin by request from interested friends. This, of course, does not clear Mr. Corwin of blame, but under these circumstances it would be a creditable act on the part of the county auditors if they would allow this young man, who undoubtedly did not realize that he was committing a serious offence, to make a complete retraction and withdraw the complaint.

SINCE the campaign has started some newspapers have been making an attempt to cause disruption in the Republican party in this county by taking up the cause of certain candidates and making veiled allusions in reference to the claims of their opponents. The papers who have thus far entered into this practice are either of a Democratic tendency or alleged Republican sheets who put their own personal interests ahead of the party with which they claim allegiance. Every man who is a candidate for nomination at the Republican primaries to be held on the 25th of this month is a good citizen and in every way well qualified to be the party's candidate for the office to which he aspires, and it does not speak well of the loyalty of the Republican papers that register a quiet knock at every opportunity on account of their personal preference for certain candidates. Democratic papers are expected to do everything in their power to cause bad feeling in the Republican ranks and their dictations will have no weight with the Republicans at the primaries. True Republican papers will give all reputable candidates of their party a fair deal at the primaries and the intelligent voters will pay no attention to the others.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Feb. 25, 1905.

The Senate has been called in extra session to convene immediately after the fourth of March. Its presence will be necessary to confirm such appointments as the President will make about that time. There will be at least one new member of the cabinet, a new ambassador to Great Britain, Hon. Whitelaw Reid, and probably two or three others, with numerous minor appointments.

Time has somewhat mollified the acute difference between the White House and the Senate, but the condition is unchanged. There are certain representatives of great corporations on the floor of the Senate and there can be no peace between them and the great corporations backing them on one side and the President of the United States with the people of the United States backing him on the other side. The President has nothing to ask from the Senate or the people. The people have given him all that he wanted and he has publicly said that he wants nothing more, and for the next four years it is believed by those versed in political astrology there will be a relentless war on every species of monopoly. No matter how firmly it may be intrenched in the Senate of the United States.

Investigation of the Standard Oil Company recommended by the President in the unequivocal command to "begin at once, go to the bottom and report early" is going to prove a test of strength of the United States government that has seldom been equalled. The Standard Oil Company is one of the most powerful industrial and financial institutions in the world with ramifying interests in banks, railroads, lands and great insurance companies, and when the United States undertakes to investigate this company it is not to be imagined where the work will end. The resolution, however, introduced by Representative Campbell of Kansas and which has given that heretofore obscure young man fame in a single night appeals to the popular imagination already quickened by the magazine and newspaper articles that claim to have been expositions of the conditions in the great trust organizations. Mr. Campbell is insistent for criminal prosecution of the company and in response to all interviews asserts that he has material in hand to prove every charge which he made before Commissioner of Corporations Garfield, and that these, he believes, will make action by the Department of Justice and imperative requirement. Whatever the end of this investigation, and no average mind can begin to see the end, Mr. Campbell has set for the government the biggest task it has undertaken and though the House without respect to party was eager to adopt the resolution offered by him it is believed that the party issues of the next campaign may be drawn on this very issue.

At this writing the closing arguments in the tedious impeachment proceedings against Judge Swayne are being made, and Congress and the people breathe a sigh of relief that the affair will soon be over. Never, perhaps on any business has the Senate been more closely confined for a longer time. Constituted as court every lawyer among the Senators and the majority of the Senators are of that profession, felt the necessity of hearing all of the testimony which they were to consider in their decision. The witnesses have been for the most part uninteresting and the testimony has been painfully wearisome. Realizing the mass of work that had accumulated and was waiting to be done the Senators have chafed under the tedious taking of testimony and have been fairly free in their self denouncement for having so blithely undertaken the business at this time. Five hours are to be allowed each side in the closing argument and the settlement of the case will allow the Senate less than five days in which to transact the blockade of work that the delay has caused.

The Swayne case was displaced for awhile Thursday while Mr. Penrose with his postoffice appropriation bill and Mr. Stewart with a bill for Indian appropriations clamored for recognition. Neither of them succeeded though for the Senate was disposed to act on the Canal proposition, and after some debate a bill was passed which eliminated the provision made in the bill as it came from the House that the canal commission be abolished.

The President is in favor of abolishing the commission and Secretary Taft after his trip to Panama states that in his opinion the commission was a hindrance rather than aid to the administration of affairs in the canal zone. Senator Gorman, however, and Senator Allison, who is a friend to Rear Admiral Walker, the president of the canal commission, headed an opposition to the provision and it was stricken out. It is not likely the House will accept the bill as amended and the Interstate Commerce Committee of the House proposes to carry out its threat to formally lay before the President the facts developed at the recent investigation of the commissioners regarding the acceptance of for serving as directors of the Panama railroad. This, they say, is in direct violation of the orders of the President.

An amendment in the army appropriation bill covers the question of the pay of General Miles, who at present receives the full amount of a lieutenant general. The effect of the agreement is to give him the full retired pay without reference to the compensation he may receive for serving on the staff of the governor of Massachusetts. The public is glad to be rid of this much mooted question at last, even if it does reduce the general's income.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Republican Caucuses.

The Republican caucuses for primary elections will be held at the regular polling places in accordance with the rules of the Republican party of McKean county, Saturday, March 25, 1905, between the hours of 4 and 8 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of recommending and placing in nomination

One person for Sheriff,

One person for Prothonotary,

One person for Clerk of the Court of General and Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer,

One person for Recorder of Deeds,

One person for Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court,

One person for District Attorney,

Two (2) persons for County Commissioners,

Two (2) persons for County Auditors,

Three (3) persons for Delegates to the State Convention.

And for the election in each election district of one person to serve as a member of the county committee for the ensuing year, and that the county convention be held in the court house in Smethport on Tuesday, March 28th, at 2 p. m., for the purpose of convassing the vote of said caucuses, the election of a chairman of the county committee for the ensuing year and to transact such other business as may come before the convention.

GEO. PATON, Chairman.
HARRY M. WICK, Secretary.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 20, 1905.

To the Republican Electors of Pennsylvania.

I am directed by the Republican state committee to announce that the Republicans of Pennsylvania by their duly chosen representatives, will meet in convention at the Lyceum theatre in the city of Harrisburg, on Wednesday, April 26, 1905, at 10:30 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following offices, viz.:

One person for the office of state treasurer.

Three persons for the office of judge of the superior court, and for the transaction of such other business as may be presented.

In accordance with the rules governing the organization, the representation in the state convention will be based upon the vote polled at the last presidential election. Under the rules each legislative district is entitled to one delegate for each 2,000 votes cast for Republican presidential electors in 1904, and an additional delegate for every fraction of 2,000 votes polled in excess of 1,000.

By order of the state committee.

BOIES PENROSE,
Chairman.
W. R. ANDREWS,
Secretary.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single & double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Go to E. W. Jones

and see his line of Farm Implements, Reapers, Mowers, Binders, Hay Rakes, Hay Tedders, Binding Twine, Land Rollers, Spring Tooth Harrows, Spike Tooth Harrows and Cultivators of all kinds, Hand and Horse Garden Tools, Buckeye Grain Drills, the best side hill Plow on the market, also Cambridge flat land Plows, Lawn Swings, Wagon Jacks, Page Woven Wire Fence.

International Stock Food and Horse Cure always on hand.

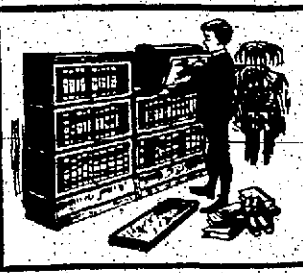
Fertilizers that will stand the test.

Heavy and Light Horses bought and sold.

New and second hand Buggies, Wagons, Surreys, etc., always for sale. In fact any thing you want call and see

E. W. JONES
THE LIVERY MAN
Main Street. SMETHPORT, PA.
Opp. Court House.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE



Globe-Wernicke
"ELASTIC" BOOKCASE
with perfect end-locking device, perfection roller-bearing dust-proof doors, A perfect sectional bookcase for home or office. Call and see it, or send for catalogue.

FIRST SHOWING OF SPRING HATS

SPRING HATS are in early, in order to give you all the chance to get the newest shades and styles as quick as in the large cities. Drop in and get an idea of the latest if you don't care to buy yet. I also have the early spring neckwear in now.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Just Received From New York City at Store of D. C. Young

Fine assortment of New Spring Dress Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions. Newest things out in Wash Goods for Ladies' Wear. Also nice lot of Ladies' Shirt Waists for every day wear, at popular prices. Also a new lot of latest styles in Ladies' Fine Shoes. Call and examine same before purchasing elsewhere At same time do not forget to take a glance at our bargain counter where you can find many things that will interest you.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
Feb. 6, 1905.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

GROCERIES

As you know we have always carried a first-class line of groceries, but perhaps you do not know that we have in our store a fancy stock of groceries, fruits and nuts for the holidays. In this stock you will find all the table delicacies usually found in a large city store.

We also have the best oysters in town and they are always fresh.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

The Lindholm Company

ADVANCE STYLES FOR SPRING

IN THE CELEBRATED

DUCHESS AND PRINCESS SKIRTS

The accompanying cut shows our 42 gore Princess Skirt—one of the season's most popular styles.

Special $5.98.

Aside from this we are showing nineteen different styles for spring including the much favored Umbrella Skirt.

We guarantee a perfect fit with every skirt.

Prices range from

$5.00 to $18.00

ATTRACTIONS ON SECOND FLOOR.

Carpets, Rugs, Lace Curtains, Portiers, Floor Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Mattings,

Special attention called to our superior Velvet Rug, size 9x12 ..... $30.98

The Lindholm Company

SUGAR MAKERS' SUPPLIES

We wish to call the attention of all makers of maple sugar that we have a complete line of

SAP BUCKETS
SAP SPOUTS
SYRUP CANS

Our prices are always as low as consistent with first-class goods. Come in and get our prices before buying.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 2, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Republican primaries March 25.

—Miss Rubin entertains the Bachelor Euchre Club this evening.

—A. E. Stickles advertises a valuable farm for sale in this week's issue.

—Don't forget the Outing Club's dance at the Lyceum Saturday evening.

—Redfield's Hardware new ad contains something of interest to sugar makers.

—A merry party of young people indulged in a sleigh ride to Hazelhurst last night.

—Mrs. M. S. Comes is reported to be seriously ill at her home on the Marvin creek road.

—Fry & Comes are on deck this week with an interesting ad concerning seasonable goods.

—The theatrical excursion over the Kushequa Route Monday night was quite well patronized.

—Miss Bertha McCann and Harry Olson were united in marriage by Justice R. C. Gleason on Friday last.

—Farmers will be especially interested in E. W. Jones' new ad, which appears in another column of to-day's issue.

—The class in civics of the Smethport High School attended the session of criminal court yesterday forenoon.

—Social events are occurring with great rapidity. There will be something doing all the time until Lent commences.

—Invitations are out for the Coffee Party to be given by the Travellers' Club at the Lyceum, Tuesday evening of next week.

—By the death of Ole Oleson, the last of the Norwegians who came to this county with Ole Bull has passed away.—Enterprise.

—The "Grave to Gay" man in the Buffalo News says, "Strawberries are in the market, but we are saving our money to buy a dozen eggs."

—Considerable apprehension is experienced among owners of young orchards that the severe cold weather has killed and damaged many young fruit trees.

—No material change is reported this morning in the condition of Hon. B. D. Hamlin who has been seriously ill for a couple of days with a complication of ailments.

—The Outing Club, composed of popular young glassworkers, will give a dance at the Lyceum Saturday night. The Lyceum orchestra will furnish music and a good time may be expected. Tickets 75 cents. All are invited.

—Mrs. Fred Hungiville is entertaining a number of ladies at her home on Franklin street this afternoon.

—County Commissioner George Griffiths took James Brandon, who recently had his leg amputated, to the county house Monday morning.—Kane Republican.

—Reports from Mrs. F. C. Pierce, who is in a Buffalo hospital, continue encouraging and there is every reason to believe that she will soon be able to return to her home in Smethport.

—"A Town without a Church," is the topic for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. The boy choir will sing at the evening service. "The Message of the Church" is the morning topic.

—A Clermont gentleman said yesterday, that the tile factory in that town was turning out a superior class of work and that he understood the industry would be operated to its utmost capacity this spring.

—It seemed like "old times" to see people driving into town this week to attend court, but it was the most convenient way for Kane people to reach here, owing to the snow blockade on the narrow guage.

—Olean will have a base ball team in the Northern Pennsylvania and Southern New York league this year. Let us hope it will play better and last longer than the McKean-Potter league team of unblessed memory.

—Sheriff Mays was down from Smethport yesterday and posted a sheriff sale notice on this office. The foregoing from the Eldred Eagle was at first a sad surprise to us, but on finishing the article we learned the property to be sold was that of another party.

—E. B. Hagerty, a cutter at the Camp factory, does some very beautiful work on glass—cutting artistic designs with a diamond. He has a valuable collection of pieces, all the product of his own skill, one of them a cleverly decorated glass checkerboard being especially beautiful.

—The national bowling tournament which closed in Milwaukee, Minn., last Saturday night was the most successful and largely attended meeting of the kind ever held. Milwaukee newspapers say that the schedule of games could not have been carried out but for the time gained by using the Backus pin setter.

—Expert fishermen are of the opinion that many trout have been killed during the past winter. Their theory is that the cold weather coming when the water in the streams was very low caused it to freeze almost to the bottom, and it is said a recent examination of some of the brooks substantiates this theory. Of course the real extent of the damage will not be known until after the opening of the fishing season.

—The precise and enterprising Pennsylvania Railroad has restored the long lost "h" to Pittsburg and is meditating on the advisability of calling its brakemen "guards," as they are known in England. Other important improvements are contemplated.

—Miss Bertha Maynard of Shingle House, and Earl Best, a glassworker employed in the plant at that place, are happily married, says the Coudersport Enterprise. Mr. Best was formerly employed in Smethport and has many friends who extend congratulations and best wishes.

—Members of the Knights of Pythias lodges from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett, Duke Centre, Eldred and Smethport were present Monday evening at a district convocation of the order, which was held at Gillmor. The advanced degree was conferred upon a large class of candidates.

—The Goodyear Brothers recently offered John E. DuBois $1,000,000 for 9,000 acres of timber land in Clearfield county in order to keep their mills running full time. The offer was refused, however, as the timber is worth more than that on the stump, not counting bark, etc.—Potter Democrat.

—Considerable complaint was heard from East Main street residents Friday last on account of the shutting off of the water supply without any notification being given. A number of housekeepers were compelled to melt snow to obtain water for cooking purposes. The water was shut off on the Main street line while a leak was being repaired.

—Saturday evening Misses Ruth and Lucy Ovitt entertained about thirty of their old neighbors and friends, the occasion being their mother's birthday. The evening was spent in games and merry making and a delicious luncheon was served and enjoyed by all. Mrs. Ovitt was the recipient of many useful presents, one of them being a handsome rocker.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 10:00 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subjects for the Sunday before Lent will be "Inquiry into Meanings," and "The Mastery Over Self." Services on Ash Wednesday, March 8th, 8:00 a. m. Holy Communion; 10:30 a. m. Matins and Litany; 4:15 p. m., Evening Prayer and Address.

—Dennis E. Johnson, an employe of S. C. Coffin, the livery man, died very suddenly Monday afternoon at about 4 o'clock at Doyle's hotel at Marshburg. Johnson went to that place in company with two other men in a cutter, and was taken suddenly ill, and died inside of an hour. He was 55 years of age, and had been employed at the Coffin stables one month.—Bradford Star.

—William Shaw, wanted on a charge of stealing an overcoat from Harry Wells, was arrested at Sinclney yesterday afternoon, by Constable Spreeter. The defendant was to have been given a hearing on the charge on Saturday before Alderman Foley, but "jumped" his bail, $250, which was declared forfeited. He will be taken to Smethport to-day by Constable Spreter and lodged in jail to await trial.—Tuesday's Bradford Era.

—Josiah E. Titsworth of Dansville, aged 83, and Miss Ella Bonner of Ossian, aged 47, were married last week. A correspondent from Dansville says it is understood between the bride and groom that they will not live together, but will continue to live in their respective homes, he in his handsome residence on upper Main street and she with her father, Samuel Bonner, in the town of Ossian. This bride and groom will be two miles apart at the beginning of their wedded life.

—During the advance sale of tickets for "Miss Bob White" a great deal of dissatisfaction and annoyance arose from the return on Monday of nearly 40 tickets for good seats, which had been ordered nearly a week before. Persons who in the meantime had purchased cheaper seats were indignant to find others at the last moment securing the good tickets returned. The management of the Lyceum wish to announce that in the future they cannot allow tickets ordered at the advance sale to be returned.

—Mrs. Bridget Sheehy, widow of John J. Sheehy, died very suddenly yesterday morning at her home at No 61 Congress street, Bradford. The deceased was found in an unconscious condition by her daughter, Mrs. James Andrews, at the foot of a stairway in her home. Death was caused directly by cerebral hemmorhage. Mrs. Sheehy had been ill at her home for several months, but within the past few days an improvement was noted in her condition, and it had been hoped that she would soon recover. She was aged 56 years.

—The Bradford Era has changed ownership. Saturday's issue says, "The property, business, franchise, good will, etc., of The Era Publishing company, were sold and conveyed to D. A. Dennison and H. J. Bryan for themselves and other local parties interested with them, who will continue the business of The Era newspaper." That the paper under the management of Messrs. Dennison and Bryan will continue to prosper is a foregone conclusion. Mr. Dennison, who by the way is one of the most intelligent and interesting newspaper writers in Pennsylvania, will continue in editorial control of the popular daily.

House and Lots for Sale.

I offer for sale my house and barn on the north side of King street; also several very nice building lots within two minutes' walk of the court house.

W. F. SPECHT.

I have the agency for this vicinity for Elisha K. Kane's lumber and brick.

C. H. GLEASON.

Personal Mention.

Judge T. A. Morrison visited Bradford Monday.

T. W. Hungiville was a visitor in Bradford Tuesday.

Miss Katherine Butts of Clermont visited in town Monday.

W. C. Provin of Bolivar was calling on friends in town this week.

Miss Jessie Selover of Olean passed Sunday with friends in town.

Will Clothier of Buffalo, N. Y., spent Sunday with friends in town.

F. A. Shelander of Kasson was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Prothonotary S. E. Bell was looking over his interests in Bradford this week.

George M. Morrison of Hazelhurst was a business visitor in town on Monday.

Miss Lottie Klegg of Smethport is visiting Mt. Jewett friends.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Charles Fry of Buffalo was a guest of his brother, Sandford, in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Todd of Port Allegany were guests of friends in town Sunday.

Ed. Hungerford of Bolivar, N. Y., was greeting his many friends in town Tuesday.

J. C. Martin of Clermont was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday morning.

Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin and Paul D. Hamlin returned yesterday from a southern trip.

Kenneth Mayo left for Hazelhurst yesterday to accept a position with the Keystone Glass Co.

Miss E. L. Duntley left on Friday for Ithaca, N. Y., where she has accepted a position in a hospital.

Mrs E. C. Dennison was a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Allen, in Port Allegany last week.

A. M. Boardman of Bradford was in town this week and made the MINER office a pleasant call Tuesday.

Mayor and Mrs. V. W. Pancoast of Alden, N. Y., were guests of his brother T. H. Pancoast and family, Thursday.

Miss Ada Wagner, who was the guest of the Misses Rubin several days, returned to her home in Bradford on Tuesday.

Miss Bessie Provin has returned from a several weeks' visit with friends and relatives at Smethport and Mt. Jewett.—Bolivar Breeze.

Miss Bertha Jackson and Miss Genevieve Crosby of Smethport have been the guests of Mrs. Walter Hall.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Deputy Sheriff Burt McAllister is in town looking after his political fences, as a candidate for the nomination of sheriff.—Monday's Kane Republican.

Mrs. T. H. Purdie departed for Washington, D. C., Wednesday, where she will visit her husband and incidentally witness the inauguration ceremonies.

J. L. Johnson of Bradford, candidate for the nomination of prothonotary, was in town this week visiting friends, and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Granteer of Newerf leave today for Baltimore, Md., for a visit. They will attend the inauguration of President Roosevelt at Washington on Saturday.

Resolutions of Respect.

The following resolutions have been passed by Brown Hive, No. 48, Ladies of the Maccabees:

Whereas, In His wisdom it hath pleased the Great Reaper of life's harvest to take from our midst our dear sister, Nettie Hubbard,

Resolved, First, That bowing submissively to the Divine Hand that is too good to be unkind we none the less deplore the loss our society has sustained in her death.

Resolved, Second, That in her death we realize more than ever the emptiness of the hope of earth, and the exceeding great value of the precious hope that is laid up in heaven.

Resolved, Third, That we tender our warmest sympathy to the bereaved husband and family, praying that the comfort which cometh from God may be theirs in richest measure.

Resolved, Fourth, That we drape our charter for a period of thirty days.

Resolved, Fifth, That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and that a copy be sent to the bereaved husband, and also be published in our local papers.

EMMA CUMMINGS,
CARRIE HUNGIVILLE,
OLIVE NIXON.

The Right Thing.

A petition has been signed by 185 Eldred voters to be presented to our representatives at Harrisburg begging them to use their influence in abating or doing away with the wood acid factories that are polluting the streams of this state. There are 28 of these poison vomiting factories in McKean county and they are doing much damage to the streams of this county. W. C. Sloan sent the petition in Saturday morning.—Eldred Eagle.

Over Nineteen Hours Saved

To Mexico City. Double daily through Pullman car service from St. Louis via the Iron Mountain Route, Texas & Pacific Ry., International & Great Northern R. R., and National R. R. of Mexico. The most scenic route to the Capital of Old Mexico. For rates and descriptive pamphlet address Jno. R. James, G. P. A., 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c — MONARCH SHIRT $1.50 & $1.50

FRY & COMES

NEW SILKS FOR SHIRT WAIST SUITS

We want you to see our stock of new silks in pattern lengths, no two alike. They're quite the swellest things we have ever had in this line and if you're thinking of a shirt waist suit we can meet the most critical requirements in quality, style and price.

The newest weave is Chiffon Taffeta, a very handsome silk possessing the happy combination of great beauty and excellent wearing qualities. The leading shades in plain and figured goods in fifteen yard lengths.

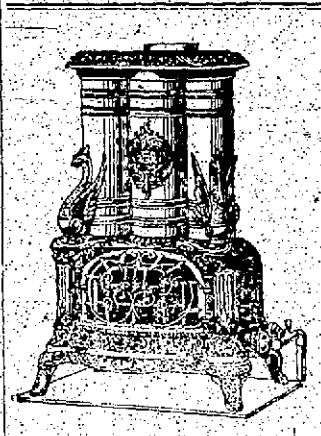
PRICES PER YARD 75c, 85c, $1.00

GINGHAMS.

The new season's Ginghams are here in the best makes, such as "A. F. C.," "Red Seal," "Toile Du Nord," "Bates Seersucker" "Scotch Zephyr," etc. See window display.

PRICES PER YARD 10c to 20c.

FRY & COMES



JUST A MOMENT

Really, we don't expect to be able to tell you all the good points about

GARNET JEWEL HEATERS

in "just a moment," but what we would like to do is to secure your attention long enough to impress upon you the merits of this THE MOST EFFECTIVE HEATER FOR NATURAL GAS MADE.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

Reducing Stock

BEFORE INVENTORY

OUR FEBRUARY SALE IS ON

ALL GOODS REDUCED

GREAT BARGAINS IN DIAMONDS
GREAT BARGAINS IN WATCHES

Buy Now and Save Money

SPECIAL COUNTERS

PRILL

7 MAIN STREET, BRADFORD, PA.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Successors to Gallup Grocery Co.

Having purchased the entire stock and good will of the well-known firm of Gallup Grocery Co. we solicit a share of the patronage. Having had an experience of eighteen years we feel confident that we can please. We keep on hand a fresh and complete stock of fancy and staple groceries.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

H. C. WELLS

THE LEADING PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT, - PA.

FROM NO MAN'S LAND

By... Izola Forrester

Copyright, 1906, by Izola Merrifield

Alta Vista Villa, No Man's Land,
Moon of Poppies.

Dear—Look at above heading and dream a dream of joy. I'm here, and when I saw that name tacked up over the portals of our hotel I said, "Here's where I rusticate just on the strength of the name."

We are up on a bluff—sand bluff. I've been here three blessed, broiling days and haven't found anything in the place yet but sand and bluff. And sea, lots of sea, so much sea that you hope you'll never have to see so much sea again in all your life. Also a bathhouse, thirty-two tent, peanut pavilion and bathing houses—little, hot, new pine coffins stood up on end. Also girls and girls, from sixteen to sixty, assorted sizes and all looking for the man. There are lots of him running around in the days of his youth, but for a real man such as we are led to expect, by all the summer lore ever written, hangs his delightful self around summer resorts and wears white duck and brings you water lilies and sighs over a mandolin at you 'neath the pale moonlight—there isn't a single specimen wandering for miles around our villa.

Do you know what they call this particular eyrie I have alighted on? No Man's Land. Pleasant, isn't it, after you've toiled over a typewriter while the wintry wind did a ragtime dance around your tireless throat and you didn't give a rap because you were thinking of your white waists and your linens and organdies and your heavenly, floppy Trianon hat with its lace veranda, all of which should storm the heart of the summer man and make him fall down and worship by the silvery starlight?

Nancie Belt, it isn't any such stuff. There isn't any summer man, and even if there were and he didn't have *sense enough* to run away the minute he grasped the situation I wouldn't have a bit of respect for him.

That's all. I shall be home in a few days, just as soon as I have tan enough to bluff the stay-at-homes into the idea that I've had a glorious time and been belle of the beach. Be strong, Nancie. Don't look even at an excursion steamer. If shirkers entice thee, dress up in your organdies and walk down Fifth avenue and you'll see more admiring sons of Adam in an hour than you will out here in a week. Hopelessly yours,

PERDITA.

Day After Yesterday.

Hello, central! All hail the man! He came, he saw, and Cæsar isn't a circumstance. He has taken the largest corner *room*. Mrs. Banks, our general overseer, says he is an exceptional young man. Wonder how *much board* he paid in advance!

He isn't real young nor real old; just that intermediate age that is so interesting. I don't think he is exactly handsome, but you know what a properly trimmed, vandyke and a pair of rimless eyeglasses will do for any man. He's that kind.

This morning he escorted all of us through the glen. Did I tell you that we had a glen? Oh, yes; Glen Ellyn. Just fernine the villa. It's a break in the sand bluff, and it's damp and piny and darksome at midday. Heretofore the organdy dork had religiously eschewed its ferny swampiness, but you should have seen us trail after him over fen and stump and hidden vine the while he fished out dinky little weeds and discoursed on them.

I opine he is a botanist. Well, it's better than a barber. A letter came for him today addressed to Professor Adrian Vogel. How's that for individuality? He looks it too. He does not dance, and he does not play the mandolin. He goes for his morning dip at some unearthly hour before we are up. In fact, he *does not* do any of the orthodox summer "manishns," but he has manners and customs of his own.

For instance, he sings, and sings well. There are about ninety and nine nitwits who group themselves in the parlors after dinner to listen to their Apollo. When he sings "All Aboard For Dreamland" he looks at you as much as to say he has only two passes for the boat, but the other one is for you.

Exciting and sighing he classes as nerve racking, but nature and close to nature's heart and all the rest of it is what the professor's for is. I think privately we would get closer to nature's heart and the professor's heart, too, if he could be made to understand the expediency of individual lessons for his botany pupils. But he cannot. He calls for a class, and we are all classed.

I hope for the best. So do the other ninety and eight muses. Botanically yours,

PERDITA.

Saturday.

Come to No Man's Land every time for something doing. We have saved the professor's life. If it had only been one of us it wouldn't have been so complicated. A composite gratitude doesn't go far when it has to be passed around. It was long after luncheltime, and he never misses luncheltime. He can put away more fried bluefish and blackberry pottie than five of the muses, but it is only proof of his exceptional excellence, and the overseer never rebukes him.

Did I tell you she was a widow, also interested in botany? I think she stands second best. He likes fried bluefish, etc.

Anyway, we missed him, and there was a swift summer storm stealing blackly up from the horizon, and the sea moaned as it broke in sobs along the shore. They do that kind of thing all right. I used to think that went with the summer man, but it doesn't.

MacGregor Clarence Blair said he hadn't showed up since breakfast, and he'd seen him making a bee line for the glen, and he'd said, "What's yer hurry?" and the professor had said he hoped he could have one morning in peace to study without that thundering crowd of old maids liking after him.

We didn't believe MacGregor. He looks like a pale, new sand fly, and his father and mother own all of No Man's Land. The professor never in all this world used such words as liking and thundering, but MacGregor did. Therefore, I may say, in the same common parlance, that the whole thundering crowd of old maids pitched in and lambasted MacGregor until his pretty white linen suit was not fair to see and his twining curls were full of sand burs. Then she bowled and retracted, and we all went up the glen after the professor.

The glen deepens and darkens as you go in, and the sides are rocky and precipitous, with much shrubbery and undergrowth and scraggly pine trees listed to windward. And just as the first streak of lightning quivered in the sky we heard a faint shout for help.

It was the professor. He hung suspended in air on the bare limb of a dead pine that jutted out from the rock halfway up the bluff, like Genius on Pegasus, the widow said—on a petrified Pegasus.

Then Genevieve Perley, our college product, said Pegasus couldn't be petrified. He would have to be ossified. And the widow began to cry and sat down on a log and said she didn't care a bit either way, ossified or petrified, and Professor Vogel was such a lovely man and always paid his board like a gentleman, and she hated to see him killed before her eyes, and she never felt so much like fainting before in all her life.

Genevieve said fainting was counted out. He was a fine target for lightning up there, and, while it was none of her business and she had no interest in the professor as a lovely man or in the continuance of his regular board paying, still she thought a rope might be a good thing.

"In mountainous countries," began Agatha, the artist, who has been Europeized, "I believe they tie a rope around the waist of one person"—

"It's the shoulders," said Genevieve; "kind of a slipknot."

The professor shouted for help again, this time fainter still.

"No; the waist," said Agatha firmly. "And lower that person over the mountain side until he rescues the other party."

"Let's lower MacGregor," murmured Genevieve, but the widow cried and said her feet were getting wet and she didn't think it was right to joke in the face of death. That braced us up because the professor did look like it, so while the fleeting moments sped Genevieve and I explored deeper and found some clotheslines and a couple of husky lads in sweaters from the peanut stand and the bathhouse, and we sped back to the glen.

Then the husky lads climbed the bluff on the sandy side and did the Alpine act with the clotheslines, assisted by several rails from the bathhouse, and before our eyes the professor was pulled back to life and liberty.

He is resting now. It is dark and still at the villa. No hops or mandolins tonight. The shock will bring him to, I think, from the botanical dream and cause him to concentrate his joy on some loving, sympathetic heart, and it may be yours.

PERDITA.

Monday.

I shall be home on the Tuesday boat. The other girls are packing too. The overseer has fainted. Only the professor is serene. He was up bright and early this morning to meet the 6:08 train, and when he came back he had a Mrs. Professor and three little Professor Juniors tagging merrily along after him.

No, I don't think men were deceivers ever. I think it was absentmindedness. Only Mrs. Professor gave the nurses their crushing blow when she said she was so glad we had all joined the professor's summer botany class, as he had reduced the course rate to $10, and she thought it was the sweetest, most elevating study one could take up. We all assured her it was elevating. It was—for the professor.

And we're all going home tomorrow. Yours for single blessedness,

PERDITA.

A Philadelphia Gallant.

There is nothing that astonishes a woman so much as meeting a man who takes her at her word. A certain very impetuous young woman living in the suburbs of this city experienced this unique sensation when she attended a musicale, given by a friend, and met a specimen of the too literal male. She was about to leave the house when her hostess called after her: "Oh, don't think of going out on such a stormy night alone. Mr. G. will be glad to go with you. Won't you, Mr. G.?" turning to a gentleman at her right. "Delighted," said the would-be escort, beaming on the young woman, and he slipped on his overcoat and stood ready with hat and umbrella in hand. "Oh, please don't bother," said the protesting girl. "You know I am quite accustomed to going out alone. I am not the least bit afraid. I nearly always leave here unescorted." "Oh, well, if that is the case," said the stupid man, "I don't need to go then. I would not think of interfering with your lifelong habits." And without giving the independent young woman a chance to avail herself of his escort he threw off his overcoat and joined a pretty blond at the end of the hallway.—Philadelphia Record.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

SHE WAS MISTAKEN.

The Story of a Woman Who Thought She Told the Truth.

"If you ask me whether we lawyers ever encourage, aid and abet untruthfulness," said an elderly attorney at a dinner recently, "I can only ask as a reply: Does any one know what truth is? Does any man really know when he is telling it? I had a rather curious case once a few years ago. I won't say whether it was a murder or a divorce, but the clearing of my client, the defendant, depended entirely on his ability to prove that when he walked down a certain corridor of a certain summer hotel he was accompanied by two persons. It happened that he was seen by the housekeeper of the hotel, a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, and she insisted that there were three in the party and not simply two, as the prosecution claimed. It was impossible to shake her testimony, and we carried the day. The housekeeper died a year or so later. I heard it through her priest. He commented on the fact that she had always taken great satisfaction in the thought that her testimony cleared my client. She was, he said, and he spoke from a confessor's knowledge, one of the most truthful persons he had ever met. I told my client what the priest said the next time we met. He smiled.

"She was lying all the while, he said. She didn't see three of us, because there were only two."—Washington Post.

CHINESE TRADE GUILDS.

They Pass on All Disputed Questions of Labor and Food.

The laborers in China work long hours, and their meals are supplied by the employer. Their food consists of rice, partaken of twice a day, with now and then a few vegetables or pieces of salt fish or pork as a relish. Tea is also furnished to them in unlimited quantities. They begin work as soon as daylight appears and continue until between 8 and 9 o'clock at night, the recent introduction of kerosene oil lengthening their hours of labor. The workmen eat and sleep in the shop where he is employed.

Not only do the trade workers have a trades union or guild of their own, but so also have the employers. To these guilds are referred all disputed questions of labor and food, which, as a rule, are amicably settled. The operatives seem to take it for granted that their employers can properly claim every moment of their time from early morning until night, unless about thirty minutes set apart for each meal of rice and vegetables be excepted. When the two guilds fail to arrive at a satisfactory settlement of a dispute the employers simply close up the shops.

Canton boasts of over seventy trades guilds. These guilds have the halls and spacious courtyards, where their members meet daily and discuss the affairs of their respective trades and other matters.

Why Is It?

Everybody knows how the wheels of a railroad car are fastened to the axle. They are shrunk on—that is, put on hot and allowed to shrink in cooling so that they are practically a solid piece with the axle. These cars go around curves, and it will be observed that the outer rail covers a great deal more ground than the inner one, so that to turn the curves and finish even the outside wheel must of necessity travel considerably faster than the inner one. Yet it is fixed solidly to the axle and cannot make a fraction of a revolution more than the other one, yet the axle remains intact, and the curves are passed with untiring regularity. Why is it?

Secret of Longevity.

A London newspaper has been asking a number of very old men for the secret of their long life. The replies are of the sort commonly heard. One lives long because he has taken wine every day, in moderation, another because he has never tasted wine. One finds sovereign virtue in moderate physical exercise; another is convinced that he lives long because he keeps his body quiet and his mind active, all of which means that such man has followed his natural inclination, never exceeded the measure fixed by good sense and really thought little or nothing about it.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Mind Accomplishments.

Power to do is largely a result of self faith or self confidence. No matter what you undertake, you will not do it until you think you can. You will not master it until you first feel the mastery and do the deed in your mind. It must first be thought out or it can never be wrought out. It must be a mind accomplishment before it can be a material one.—Success.

Don't Be Too "National."

One's nationality is to others a bore and a nuisance which cannot be got out of the way too soon. A man's nationality is something he is justly proud of, but not till it is put aside can the man of another nation have joy of him, humanly, spiritually.—W. D. Howells.

Keeps Them Aired.

"Mrs. Chatterbox is an incessant talker, isn't she?"

"Yes; she says that a person's opinions get musty if they aren't aired often."—Detroit Free Press.

It Sometimes Fails.

"There's nothing like perseverance. It wins out in the long run."

"Nit always. Did you ever see a hen on a porcelain egg?"—Brooklyn Life.

A Bit of Good Advice.

One of the best things to do before we criticise others much is to begin an intelligent study of ourselves.—Chicago Journal.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Blessings of an Alphabet.

"Few people realize," said a college professor, "that the twenty-six symbols that we call the alphabet, represent strikingly or in combination all the sounds of all the languages upon earth. By forming letters into words we are able to embody thought, to render it visible, audible, perpetual and ubiquitous. Enthralled in writing, the intellect may thus enjoy a species of immortality upon earth, and every man may paint an imperishable portrait of his own mind immeasurably more instructive and interesting to posterity than those fleeting likenesses of face and form intrusted to canvas or even to bronze and marble. What myriads have passed away, leaving not a wreck behind them, while the mental features of some contemporary writer survive in all the freshness and integrity with which they were first traced! Literary painting is the greatest of all delineation! For it we may thank the alphabet and the Phoenicians for the alphabet.

"It was Gibbon, I think, who said that Phoenicia and Palestine would ever live in the memory of mankind since America as well as all Europe had received an alphabet from one and a religion from the other."

Eccentric Wagon Wheel.

A very interesting paradox is the one concerning an ordinary wagon wheel, which is solid and rigid, yet when fastened on its axle on a wagon when the wagon moves part of the circumference of the wheel which is in contact with the ground is for an instant at absolute rest, while the point directly perpendicular to it is flying along at a high rate of speed. The two points horizontal with the center of the wheel are traveling pretty fast, but only half as fast as the topmost point, and as the up going horizontal point increases in speed the down going one slows up until it is at rest for a moment when in contact with the ground. Yet the wheel is one solid piece and there are only two points going at the same rate of speed at the same time. Yet if the wheel is taken off the axle and rolled down an incline every point of the circumference moves at the same rate of speed.

Ireland's Sacred Oak.

In years gone by Ireland had a sacred oak dedicated to St. Columban, one of the peculiarities of the tree being that whoever carried a small bit of the wood or bark in his mouth would never meet with a violent death, it being especially efficacious in saving Christian martyrs from the block. It was known throughout the British isles as the holy oak of Kenmare. After the lapse of many centuries this sacred oak was uprooted by a storm, after which it was said to be guarded by angels to keep heretics from gathering the wood for fuel. At last a wicked tanner "barked" one of its largest limbs and tanned some leather, which he made into shoes for himself, imagining that such relics would bring him wealth and power. He wore them but once, however, but that one time was enough to make him an incurable leper.

British Museum Dome.

The reading room of the British museum is crowned by a spacious dome, which is about thirty feet wider than that of St. Paul's cathedral. It is 140 feet in diameter and, with its 60,000 superficial feet of glass, springs more than 100 feet in height. Neither St. Peter's at Rome nor Santa Maria at Florence is a match to it. It is larger by forty-five feet than the dome of the capitol at Washington, by thirty-five feet than that of Darmstadt cathedral, by thirty-three feet than that of St. Sophia, Constantinople, and spreads sixteen further than the concave roof of the tomb of Mohammed Adil Shah at Bijapur.

The Man Who Is In Earnest.

The vital necessity for the qualities of inspiration, reality and magnetism was brought home to me when I was a schoolboy fiddling at college functions. I saw speakers who came forward and who—well, just spoke so many words. Then would come an orator, a man who acted the part, who lived the part, who was the part because he believed it, and so swept the people off their feet.—J. P. Sousa in London Interview.

One Occupation Less.

A visitor at a small resort on the coast, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, asked one of the men whom he saw at the village store what he did all summer.

"Loaf and fish," replied the native.

"What do you do in the winter?" continued the inquiring visitor.

"We don't fish."

His Prescription Failed.

Doctor (after the diagnosis)—Apparently your system is run down from nervousness superinduced by loss of sleep. My advice would be for you to try sleeping on your left side awhile. Fair Patient—But, doctor, I am slightly deaf in my right ear—and my husband talks in his sleep.—New York Times.

Gladstone's Unpopularity.

Gladstone was not beloved. He was an institution. How can one love an institution? A member told me that he asked another Liberal why he disliked Gladstone. The reply was, "Oh, he is always so in the right!"—From M. D. Conway's "Autobiography."

Gold's Gilding Effect.

"That fellow is a perfect boor."

"S-s-sh! He's worth $4,000,000."

"That so? Well, as I was saying he's a man of marked individuality."—Pittsburg Post.

The Change.

Fred—She isn't the pretty girl she used to be. Arthur—Is that so? Fred—Yes. Her father lost all his money speculating.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

General Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secy of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Wm. J. McKinney, Bradford.
District Attorney—John F. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chorle, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Keating Summit; Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Wash, Sheridan.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; H. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKeirnan.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde, secretary; Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer, J. F. Rodney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. A. Knapp, R. C. Gibson.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Director—D. U. Young, president; F. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, secy.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Childs, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ayde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month, 1st degree second, 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FURCHGOTT, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 229, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KINNEY, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoon.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLMES, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 45, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 35, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree, 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gayloid H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday 11 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—F. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

The Best Route to the West

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 27, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, ottaville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:10 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4:25 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m. Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:13 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:25 a. m.—Train 10, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations.

4:30 p. m.—Train 2, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby, Gold, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on P. & E. R. R. (daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Gold, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on P. & E. R. R., for Pittsburg; Philadelphia & Baltimore and Washington. Parlor and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

8:00 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for Ridgway and intermediate stations.

6:40 p. m.—Train 10, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M		A M
2:25	Ormsby	11:50
2:30	Gold	11:50
2:45	Gates	11:05
3:07	Lewis Run	11:04
3:12	Hazel Hurst	10:59
3:20	Rixford	10:52
3:25	Bradford	10:45
3:35	Kane	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:37 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:01 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. E. WOOD, Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

Buffalo Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time Table in Effect June 10th, 1901, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:35 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:20 a. m.).

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:35 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 1:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 1:46 p. m.).

2:30 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 3:40 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:06 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:35 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:35 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 5:48 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 12:30 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:02 noon—From Punxsutawney, Ridgway, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from R. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. KENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern

Effective Jan. 15, 1905

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:30 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 p. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:35 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:20 a. m.).

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:35 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 1:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 1:46 p. m.).

2:30 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 3:40 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:06 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:35 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:35 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 5:48 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 12:30 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:02 noon—From Punxsutawney, Ridgway, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from R. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. KENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time-Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M.
8.05	7.05	2.30	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.19
7.50	6.53	2.40	Crowell	7.27	2.33	9.26
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.
7.40	6.48	1.53	Pecks	7.32	2.37	9.36
7.37	6.45	1.50	Newfield Junc	7.37	2.42	9.39
.0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46.	9.
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.49
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.43	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.30	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00 1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.28	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.38	12.03	Millen	8.37	6.09	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.23	11.53	Roulette	8.47	6.27	1.51
3.30	7.10	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.43	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M. P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

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"JASMINE"

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

Copyright, 1904, by Virginia Leila Wentz

When his pretty little cousin from New Orleans had married one of his chums Tom Chester had felt a bit dubious as to the outcome. Selwyn was a handsome chap, a spoiled child of fortune, who in all his life had scarcely felt a restraining finger upon his impulses, to say nothing of a restraining hand. He was the possessor of big capabilities either for good or evil. Would Doris develop the god or the devil in him? And, for Selwyn's part, would he make the light in his young wife's laughing eyes still brighter, or would he deepen the already sensitive curves in her childish mouth?

Two years had proved Chester's doubts to be not without justification. "What a pity! What a pity!" he thought as he sat in his office one morning and looked across the table at his fair client.

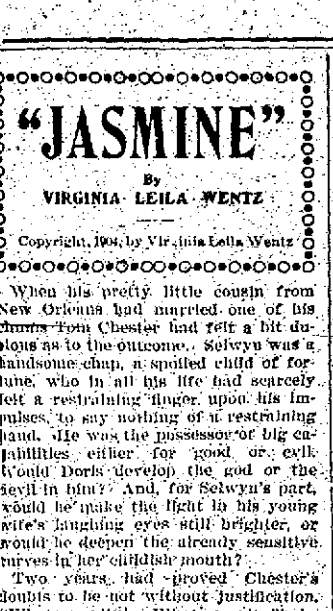
"So you've come to me, Doris, for advice?" He looked out of his window. How mockingly the skyscrapers loomed against the sky line—a monument of man's greatness, and yet at heart so little was man! He turned searchingly upon Doris.

"Do you really want me to speak as your lawyer?" She bent her pretty head in affirmation. "Well," answered he, still meeting her eyes keenly, "divorce him."

"Yes," she laughed. It was the laugh of a woman who dare not cry, "the facts are hideous enough, are they not?"

"Wait; that was your lawyer's advice. As your cousin, Doris, as his friend, as a man, God knows, who loves both, I beg you to forgive him. Hasn't he repented, dear? Doesn't he ask you to let him begin all over again on a clean slate? That's all a man can do. It's a woman's hand must wipe out all the old, hideous markings."

She leaned wearily back in her chair. "Yes," she said, "we women are sent into the world to pardon, aren't we,



"WILL YOU GIVE ME A FLOWER?" SAID CHESTER CURIOUSLY.

like governors and priests? Only we are not expected to give sentences and pennances."

How beautiful she was, with that queenly poise of her young head contrasting so oddly with the pathetic droop of her scarlet mouth! Chester's eyes narrowed as he studied her. Meaninglessly the dull sound of traffic came up from the streets below.

"Where did the jasmine come from, Doris?" he asked abruptly. The penetrating odor had suddenly made him hark back to the day of that pretty little southern wedding in New Orleans, when everything seemed crowded with its perfume.

A crimson flush surged into Doris' cheeks, then spread to her broad, sweet temples and dimpled chin.

"The jasmine?" she echoed helplessly.

"Yes, where did you get it?"

Still flushing, but silent, she looked down at the white waxen petals and the shining leaves.

"Will you give me a flower?" said Chester curiously. She wrenched the jasmine from her girdle and impulsively rose from her chair.

"Certainly," she said; "take all of it. Take it as a portion of your fee. You've told me what I can do; tomorrow I'll drop in and tell you what I want to do."

As her hand touched his for a second she nodded whimsically toward the jasmine:

"I reckon this is the first time any one ever paid you in such a romantic fashion?"

When the elevator had taken her down, Chester walked back to the table and looked at the blossoms lying there in all the stiff, white pride of their southern fragrance.

"And I'd never guessed it," he commented slowly. "So there's another man in the case. And I was putting all the trouble down to Doris' pride. However, this jasmine explains. Poor Selwyn—poor chap! She can't care overmuch for the donor, though," he reflected logically, "or she wouldn't have left me his gift." Just then the door opened. It was Doris, more radiantly lovely than he had ever seen her.

"What's that name children use for one another when they take back gifts, Tom? An Indian giver? Well, ou can use that name for me, because I want these back." As she lined the jasmine into her girdle gain her little gloved hand trembled ereeptibly.

"Tell me, Doris," he said to her ommandingly as he arrested her a econd time at the door, "what is the eaning of this? As your cousin and friend I would wish to know, but as our lawyer I must know—I must."

"You shall tomorrow, Tom!" she brew back at him over her shoulder. I've made up my mind at last!" She ns gone, but not before he had caught gleam of tears in her eyes.

As Chester waited at the "L" station n his way uptown that afternoon some ne grabbed his arm and gave him a ay greeting. When he glanced at the me boyish face he almost groaned. The woman he loves will make him a od or a devil, I used to think," reflectd Chester as they made for a double eat in the car. "And when Doris is one—not much doubt about the outome."

"Wait a minute, old boy," said Selwyn as Tom, in uncertainty, was about o pull out an evening paper. "You've en a jolly, stanch friend to me. When deserved a right down hard kick you didn't even side step. That's why I vant to tell you"—his voice broke suslolensly, and he fingered at his collar—everything's right, and I'm the very appiest man in all New York!"

"Eh? What's that?" said Chester dunkly, dropping his paper and squarag about.

"'Twas like this," explained Selwyn, wrapt smile on his handsome face. You know, of course, we haven't been ving together for three months. Well, his morning as I was coming out of ny club whom should I run right into at the dearest little woman God ever nade. Old chap, I don't know how it appened, but actually she let me walk own the avenue with her, and when e came across a ragged urchin at a orner with little bunches of jasmine ied with twine she actually half turnd for a second. Suddenly I saw the big ears well in her eyes"— The collar emed to be troubling him again.

"Her home in New Orleans was literly thick with Cape jasmine, you naw, Tom?" he went on. "And, like a reen she said, 'Don't you want to get e a bunch of those blossoms?' But I ant to, indeed! And, by Jove, old hap, if she didn't pin them in her girle and wear them! You know she's oing to send for me and tell me when r I may enter paradise again." Selwyn's voice seemed to trail off into a appy vagueness.

"I don't think," said Chester grimly, he odor of the jasmine still in his nosrils, "I don't think she's going to turn ou out."

How an Infant School Was Founded.

It is well known that the Society of Friends objects to all war. This conscientious feeling has sometimes placed individual Quakers in an awkward position.

For instance, during the war against he first Napoleon a ship that was partly owned by a Friend captured a Dutch essel. The long continuance of the ate of war prevented him for several ears from compensating the owner nd sailors of the seized vessel in accordance with his principles. In the neantime he invested the money reeived as his share of the prize, and hen at last peace was declared he aid it over, with interest to date, to hose who had suffered by the capture f the vessel.

Not being able to find them all, he ounded with the rest of the money a ree infant school in Amsterdam, this eing the port from which the Dutch hip had sailed. The school was the irst of the kind set up in the city, and t was housed in a building called Holland's Welfare," which was the ame of the captured vessel.

Willing to Amend It.

There was once in New York an Irish ailor whose eccentricities threatened o bring trouble to him, but whose wit always saved him. One morning a Mrs. Murphy came into his shop and ound him working laboriously with a pencil and a piece of paper. She asked him what he was doing, and he replied hat he was making out a list of the men on the block whom he could whip. 'Is Murphy's name there?" inquired hat man's wife. The tailor confessed hat, like Abou Ben Adem's, Murphy's name headed the list. When Murphy eard of this he came to the shop with olligerence in his eyes. He inquired f the report was true. "Sure an' it's rue. Phwat of it?" returned the ailor. "You little grasshopper," said Murphy, "I could commit suicide on rez wid the little finger. I could wipe up de flure wid yez wid me hands ied!" "Are ye sure about that?" asked the tailor. "Sure I'm sure about it." Well, then," sighed the knight of the hears regretfully, "I'll scratch ye aff he list."

Reliability Is Wanted.

The great prizes of life do not fall to he most brilliant, to the cleverest, to he shrewdest, to the most long headed r to the best educated, but to the most evel headed men, to the men of soundst judgment. When a man is wanted or a responsible position his shrewdness is not considered so important as is sound judgment. Reliability is what is wanted. Can a man stand without being tripped, and if he is thrown an he land upon his feet? Can he be depended upon, relied upon, under all circumstances to do the right thing, do sensible thing? Has the man a evel head? Has he good horse sense? s he liable to fly off on a tangent or to 'go off half cocked?" Is he "faddy?" Has he "wheels in his head?" Does he ose his temper easily or can he control himself? If he can keep a level head nder all circumstances, if he cannot e thrown off his balance and is honest, e is the man wanted.—O. S. Marden n Success Magazine.

A STORY OF THACKERAY.

How He Changed a Child's Night From Tears to Gladness.

Thackeray was delightful as a story teller. One evening I remember mamma gave a dinner party in his honor. I was allowed to sit up till 8:30 o'clock. Dinner in those days was at 6:30. When the party came into the drawing room I was there in my new white muslin with a light blue sash. Mr. Thackeray took possession of me, much to my delight. I remember sitting on his knee in a corner of the room, and he told me stories. There was one about a little boy named Peter, with close cropped red hair and a very snub little nose and bright blue eyes. Peter was quite a character, and the recital of his adventures was of the most interesting nature. I twisted myself with delight. I laughed so heartily that Mr. Thackeray grew funnier and funnier.

"You must go to bed now," said mamma, coming up. "People want to talk to Mr. Thackeray."

"Let me stay up," I cried, clinging to him.

"Five minutes more," said Mr. Thackeray, looking at his [illegible] "Five minutes, and then she [illegible] bed."

He changed the [illegible]eter's adventures. They [illegible] said. The little lad, I remember, was brought before the police, although he was utterly innocent. He seemed so plucky as he sat there," said Mr. Thackeray. "The police said his head must be cut off, but he did not say a word. He looked like a small soldier. All my laughter got quite misty with my tears when I looked at him." And Mr. Thackeray pointed to his spectacles. I did not in the least see the incongruity of the police cutting off Peter's head or of Mr. Thackeray being there to see the little fellow. I was not laughing now. The tears were in my eyes when a hand was put on my shoulder. It was Reine, who had come to fetch me. Other guests were arriving, and all were waiting to be introduced to the illustrious novelist. The sudden termination of the story just at its most agonizing crisis was too much for my thrilled nerves. I lifted up my voice and wailed aloud, and I was carried out in Reine's arms and put to bed. As I lay weeping and [illegible] about thinking of poor little Peter [illegible] his transgression of his [illegible] section. It was [illegible] had come in to explain the [illegible] and he told me that Peter was [illegible] that he had been made a rich lady and that he made a [illegible] I was comforted. I sat up in bed and kissed Mr. Thackeray [illegible] when hostess out of the room I [illegible] to dream of the little red-haired boy whose adventures I had heard.—Alice Cockran in Outlook.

No Way to Get Even.

A New York journalist once went down to Atlanta to interview Joel Chandler Harris, says the Outlook. When he told the creator of Uncle Remus that he was going to "write him up" the kindly southerner was immediately reminded of the experience of his old friend, Simon Suggs.

"Simon Suggs," he said, "was an old old fellow who used to live down state. I knew him well when I was a boy. One day a friend met him.

"'Simon,' said he, 'do you remember Jim Hooper, that went to school with us down at Monticello?'

"'Jim Hooper?' Of co'se I member Jim Hooper. Little slim fellow, wa'n't he?'

"'Yaas. Well, Jim's gone and noveled you.'

"'Noveled me, has he?' said Simon. 'Well, ding his hide!'"

Young Idlers of the Time.

Among the moderately well to do there is an army of young men growing up in idleness in this country who think it beneath their dignity to learn a trade or follow a profession and who in many instances form that large class known as genteel idlers. They have been pampered and petted by their parents until they have come to the conclusion that the world owes them a living without their having to work for it or give an equivalent in toil. They are in truth a menace to the peace and welfare of the country and those who encourage them to it are as reprehensible as they.—Sioux City Tribune.

The White of an Egg.

The white of an egg is made up of little cells filled with albumen. By beating the white these cells are ruptured, and oxygen from the air is inclosed, which gives the white and light appearance to beaten eggs. The white of a stale egg will not inclose as much oxygen, will not be as light and as easily digested as that of the fresh egg and, of course, less valuable. The importance of beating the egg in cold, pure air is readily seen.

Not Encouraging.

"Good evening," said Borem when she came down to him. "I really must apologize for coming so late, but the cars"—

"Oh," she interrupted coldly, "I don't mind late comers. It's the late stayers that bother me."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Your Lap.

Children are notoriously eager to acquire facts. The following question was asked by a lad of seven after he had ridden upon his uncle's knee: "Say, Uncle Will, what becomes of your lap when you stand up?"—Youth's Companion.

His Offense.

Magistrate—Ah, they have caught you drunk again, eh? Hobo—No, yer honor; impersonatin' an officer dis time. I guess dey caught me asleep in a doorway.—Philadelphia Press.

When the heart is won, the understanding is easily convinced.—Simmons.

In an Opera Box

By Lillian C. Paschal

Copyright, 1904, by Lillian C. Paschal

The great hotel facing the park was an obelisk of light decks. Motor cars came and went noisily under the wide porte cochere.

Back of the large hostelry and across a narrow alley a white girlish face banked with pillows looked out wistfully from the one narrow window of a third floor back at these evidences of life and gayety, listening to the orchestra.

Suddenly the music burst into a wild tropical air from "Carmen," a very revel of life and youth and lusty, red blooded joy. The invalid buried her tired eyes in the soft pillows, and her thin shoulders shook. Shaken by the tempest of sobs, a crutch that had been leaning against the bedside rattled to the floor.

"Oh, I can bear their old ragtime things without a shiver," she cried, "but the opera airs—they break my heart! And now I shall never sing them again—I know I shan't!"

The incoherent cry went straight through the open window like a winged arrow, across the alleyway, in the grand hotel, and lodged deep in the sick heart of a listener there. Its note of suffering and aching longing needed no interpreter. That is a universal language understood alike in palace and tenement.

John Wixton had been staring moodily out of the darkened shadows of his unlighted room into the still darker shadows of a future that looked gloomy indeed to his usually careless, sunny eyes. He had been hard hit—there was no doubt of that—and the girl's refusal of him had cut deep. He had been so sure of her—too sure, perhaps—but he had thought he could not be mistaken in that warm light in her eyes that had set his heart on fire all these weeks.

"The light that lies in woman's eyes—and lies—and lies—and lies!" he sneered miserably, sitting there in the dark. "Curse the whole sex anyway, and their deceitful wiles!" And his clinched hands thumped the window sill heavily. He had mooned over her like a moping idiot, he told himself bitterly, and now she was engaged, so Jermain—I told him the last time he called, to Billy Landers and his millions, principally the latter, he thought. Lord! There was that beastly chansonnette on "Carmen" again—could he never escape the things?—the song that breathed so horribly of her in every seductive note. She had worn a red rose in her hair that night he first sang her with the New Lyrics. He could smell that rose now.

Tonight "Carmen" was on the bill again. He recalled dully that he had the same box for this performance, intending to take her and show her he remembered that first night so long ago. She had said men always forget the dates a woman remembered. He had meant to tell her of his loving little surprise that evening. Was it only a week ago? How could he ever bear to hear an opera again? Curse it. He would get out of this sickening old New York and go west—to Chicago—anywhere.

"These opera airs—they break my heart!" broke in the sobbing cry from the window across the alley. John raised his head to listen. "Same here, kid," he muttered heavily. "It's that lame girl—poor little beggar! She does have a devil of a time of it, lying there all day with hot water bags and things around her. It's a shame!"

"I want to be back there on the stage again," went on the voice, singing with the rest of the chorus. I was a village maiden in 'Carmen,' you know, Mrs. Beebe." To the conscious pride in this already well known fact there came an indistinct murmur of consolation from the dark interior of the little room.

"And maybe some day I might have been a Seinbrich, or a Melba, my own self—the master said so—and now my back's hurt, and I'll never sing again. I know it! If I could only go just once and hear it all again I think maybe I could bear it better, but to be penned in here all the time like a rat with the snappers of a trap caught over his back—it's too"— The rest was lost in the unfolding pillow.

The man in the darkened window across the way suddenly stood up, turned on the light and squared his shoulders like a soldier ready for marching. "I'll do it!" he said grimly. "I'll not run away like a coward. I'll face this thing out. I've got to go through it some time, and I might as well begin now. I'll go right to that same box and fight it out. And, what's more, I'm going to take that child along. She'll probably look a fright, and people will stare, but hang the people!"

He took his hat and overcoat and hurried from the room. At the office he stopped to give an order for an auto cab.

Twenty minutes later he was bowling toward Broadway with his strange little companion, still breathless over the wondrous angel in evening clothes whose determination had carried all opposition before him. Even the fat landlady had been subdued into deference and helped to dress her quickly so as not to keep the young gentleman waiting.

Wixton glanced down at her thin little face, sharpened by suffering, at her two crutches and her simple white frock. To his surprise, she appeared tastefully gowned.

She told him quite simply, with a little pathetic quaver in her voice, about her ambition to be a great singer; how she had fallen through a trapdoor left carelessly open by the stage hands one night after the opera was over and had been in the charity ward of a hospital, where they had not seemed able to cure her; how she could walk only a little way without hurting.

When they reached the opera house the first act was nearly over.

Wixton gathered up her slight form and strode up the wide stairway as if his burden were a baby. At the door of the box he halted. It was slightly ajar. "Sold the other seats?" he questioned of the usher.

"Only one to a lady," answered that worthy and volunteered further the whispered information that she was a queer one—"came with a party in the fourth box further down and came out ill and went away. After a bit she came back with a ticket for a seat in this one."

When Wixton ushered his charge into the box he found, to his surprise, that the place was unlighted. The curtain had just closed on the first act, and the solitary occupant was shrinking into the farthest corner as though seeking to avoid observation.

John reached out to press the electric button and turned in the blaze of light to confront the woman who had refused him the week before. His lips tightened, and his face went white.

"Eunice! You here?"

The woman turned a lovely pale face up to him entreatingly without speaking. This unlooked for contretemps had destroyed her poise; woman of the world though she was, and left her as excited and embarrassed as a schoolgirl. There were traces of tears about the dark eyes, hollow from sleeplessness. Her soft white throat worked in the stress of emotion, and her bosom rose and fell pantingly.

At last she found her voice. It was low and tremulous, and at the thrilling sweetness of it the man's heavy heart pounded like a mad thing behind his immaculate shirt front.

"Jack," she whispered, "if you don't forgive me and love me I shall die. I never dreamed till mamma made me send you away how dreadfully I cared, and I never was engaged to Billy Landers at all. I couldn't because—if the whole family were to slay me!"

The orchestra [illegible] to the next act. The [illegible] of the [illegible] drowned them in its [illegible] of [illegible] made into music. The little couple was leaning over the edge of the box and, breathlessly for the [illegible], to rise on the familiar scene she loved.

"Jack, darling—hear it? That music has been killing me till you came! Do you remember that night we—"

John reached out an audacious thumb and pressed the button on the wall. As the box was enveloped in darkness he crushed her close in his arms, unable to say one word.

On their way home in the carriage, when Eunice had been told the little cripple's story, she laughed tenderly in her new found joy so weirdly lost, and, with one jeweled hand in John's and the other caressing the young girl's pale cheek, said with a confidence that the future proved not unfounded:

"I shall take care of her, her voice, her future and her back. I know a great doctor who can straighten out this little one's tangles, even as she has been the means of untwisting the dreadful knot in my web of fate."

Barry Sullivan and the Amateur.

The famous tragedian, Barry Sullivan, took his art so seriously that it was very seldom indeed that he perpetrated a joke on the stage, although when away from the theater he was one of the most humorous of men. On one occasion, however, Sullivan could not resist the temptation of giving an apt retort to an amateur who, as Ratcliff to his Richard III., had quite overlooked the necessity of committing his words to memory.

"During the early part of the tragedy," says Mr. Robert M. Sillard in his "Life of Barry Sullivan," "this too confident amateur strutted agreeably and elicited applause from his friends in the front. In the tent scene he screwed up his energies, and when Sullivan, as Richard, started from his knees at the conclusion of his comments on his dream, exclaiming, 'Who's there? Ratcliff in his excitement stammered out the answer:

"'Tis I, my lord. The early village cock—and then abruptly stopped, having apparently forgotten the next line—i. e., 'Hath twice done salutation to the morn.'

"Sullivan surveyed the stultified aspect of his officer for a few seconds with a sardonic grin, as if enjoying his agony, and at length growled out in an audible tone:

"'Why don't you crow, then?'"

Nurturing a Cheerful Spirit.

Lucky was the patient in Cedarville who could secure the services of Aunty Bond as his nurse, but he must make up his mind that while all his wants would receive due attention and he would have a fair amount of coddling there were some things in which he could not count on having his own way.

"Now, you just take that look off your face, won't you?" she half coaxed, half commanded a man who was recovering from pneumonia. "You aren't half as sick as you were a month ago. Let your thoughts dwell on that, and let 'em dwell on this. There's lots o' folks outdoors a-falling from the tops o' buildings and a-getting run into and over by automobiles and contraptions of all sorts, besides those that are yielding to temptation o' various kinds and being sent to jail and then to states prison. And while all these dreadful things are going on outside, what is happening to you? You are getting well at home, in peace and plenty, and, what's more, in as handsome a walnut bedstead as there is in all Cedarville.

"You let your mind dwell on these things a minute, and then you turn over and go to sleep."

MARSHAL NEY'S DEATH.

The Dramatic End of the Brave French Soldier.

Ney refused haughtily to place himself on his knees and to allow his eyes to be bandaged. He only asked Commandant Saint-Elas to show him where he was to stand. He faced the platoon, which held their muskets at "the recover," and then, in an attitude which I shall never forget, so noble was it, calm and dignified, without any swagger, he took off his hat, and, profiting by the short moment which was caused by the adjudant de place having to place himself on one side and to give the signal for firing, he pronounced these few words, which I heard very distinctly, "Frenchmen, I protest against my sentence, my honor"— At these last words, as he was placing his hand on his heart, the detonation was heard. He fell as if struck by lightning. A roll of the drums and the cries of "Vive le roi!" by the troops formed in square brought to a close this lugubrious ceremony.

This fine death made a great impression on me. Turning to Augustus de la Rochejaquelin, colonel of the grenadiers, who was by my side and who deplored, like myself, the death of the brave des braves, I said to him, "There, my dear friend, is a grand lesson in learning to die."—"The Empire and the Restoration," General Roche-chouart.

THE USE OF JEWELRY.

It Is Something More Than a Love of Pretty Trifles.

Even in its modern form when ornament has been left almost wholly to women it is something more than a love of pretty trifles. On the persons of the female members of his family the man loves to see the display of the wealth which in these days is power, and, if modern taste will not allow it in himself, it is still indulgent to his vicarious display of it through his women. So far as women themselves consciously aid and abet in this assertion of power, so far they may claim to be acquitted from the charge of sheer vanity. Women of families who have become recently rich love most to display their jewelry, and it may be there is not so much vanity as assertion in it of their claim in virtue of wealth to be respected and honored. Those women who have undisputed claims to distinction exercise more discretion and their chief displays are on those occasions when it is congruous to emphasize their social power and influence. Thus to the end we have the close connection between ornament and money which has existed from the beginning.—London Saturday Review.

FIGHTING OXEN.

The Hottentots Trained Cattle to Charge Rideriess Into Battle.

When the Dutch first settled at the Cape they found that the original Hottentots owned large herds of cattle, which they regularly rode and trained to act as guardians of their other cattle and their camps. So admirably were these animals trained that they used to charge before the tribesmen in battle apparently without riders, though there may have been mounted leaders.

An old writer named Kolben says: "Every Hottentot army is provided with a large troop of these war oxen, which permit themselves to be governed without trouble and which their leaders let loose at the appointed moment. The instant they are set free they throw themselves with impetuosity upon the opposite army. They strike with their horns, they kick, they rip up and trample beneath their feet all that opposes them. They plunge with fury into the midst of the ranks and thus prepare an easy victory. The manner in which these oxen are trained and disciplined certainly does great honor to the talent of this people."

The Difference.

A delegate from Boston to an educational conference in Philadelphia told of the answer given by a certain pupil in one of the public schools of the Hub in answer to a question put by a professor of natural history.

The question was, "What is the difference between a biped and a quadruped?"

The pupil's answer was, "A biped has two legs, a quadruped has four legs; therefore the difference between a biped and a quadruped is two legs."—Woman's Home Companion.

Announced Himself.

While looking for stragglers just as a Welsh regiment was about to sail from Cape Town for England an officer found a private standing at attention in a shed. "What are you doing here?" he was asked. "Please, sir," was the reply, "I am a lunatic, and I am waiting for the corporal's guard." He was right; he was a lunatic, and his guard had forgotten him.

Lifted.

City Cousin—Now, you farmers don't have the trouble of house hunting like city folk. Kansas Uncle—Don't, eh? Well, I've been hunting for a house that the cyclone carried away for two years, and I haven't found it yet.—Chicago News.

Just a Hint.

Reggie—A-a-h, Miss Merrileigh, speaking of conundrums, do you know—a-a-h—the difference between a financee and a financier? She—Is there any? There shouldn't be, Reggie.

A Beautifier.

Miss Planely—Reggie says I grow prettier every time he sees me. Miss Roastem—You ought to have him call oftener.—Cleveland Leader.

Vanity keeps persons in favor with themselves who are out of favor with all others.—Shakespeare.

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YOUR AMBITION.

Keep It Stimulated and Do Not Permit It to Wane.

The idea seems to be pretty general that ambition is born in us, that we have little or nothing to do with its acquisition or cultivation and that we cannot modify, enlarge, stimulate or improve it to any great extent. A study of life does not confirm this idea. That the ambition is a cultivable quality, capable of being molded or destroyed according as we will, is demonstrated every day in the lives of those about us. We see people in whom the spark of ambition is kindled suddenly by the reading of a book, the hearing of a lecture or the speaking of a kindly word by a friend or teacher, and, on the other hand, we see those who allow their ambition slowly to die out for want of fuel.

The death of ambition is one of the tragedies of life. When a young man feels his ambition begin to fade there is trouble somewhere. Either he is in the wrong environment and his faculties protest against what he is trying to do, or his health is poor, or he is being led into dissipation by bad companions. A youth whose ambition begins to wane is not in a normal condition. When he is not stimulated by a noble purpose and filled with a desire to become a strong man among men there is something wrong somewhere.—Success.

VICTOR HUGO.

Everything About Him Was Extraordinary, Even His Digestion.

Never to be forgotten were those evenings when we were lucky enough to find neither minister, senator nor deputy—for in the presence of political men Victor Hugo always seemed to me somewhat stiff—when he warmed to his subject, let himself go, as it were, and his conversation took a natural turn full of charm.

How he would then have astonished those who had represented him as being exceedingly solemn—in fact, a poseur! If they had seen him so it was doubtless due to themselves. Perhaps to the bumptions and self opinionated he gave himself the air of an oracle, but with poets, I repeat, he was ease and simplicity—I might even say familiarity—itself.

At these dinners we could not help admiring his formidable appetite. He ate enormous pieces of roast meat and drank large glasses of undiluted wine. A typical detail struck me particularly. At the end of his meal he dipped orange quarters into his wine and ate them with marked satisfaction. Everything about Victor Hugo was extraordinary, even his digestion.—Francois Coppee in Critic.

EPAULETS.

Originally Intended as a Protection From Sword Cuts.

It is probable that the epaulet was originally intended as a protection to the shoulder from sword cuts rather than as an ornament. Ever since 1795 they have been worn by commissioned officers of the British navy. According to the officer's rank they vary in design. A sublieutenant wears only one composed of gold lace; other ranks two. The degree of rank is shown by crowns, anchors and stars worked in silver upon the epaulets and also by the thickness of the cord of which they are composed. Previous to the Crimean war epaulets were worn by both officers and men of the army. Here, as in the navy, distinction was shown both in their texture and design. Those of the officer were made of gold braid, while with the rank and file they were merely of worsted.—London Telegraph.

The Wrong Spirit.

The president of the New York Normal college was addressing a band of young women. "Young women," he said, "generally make excellent teachers. But if you dislike the work turn to anything else but teaching. We cannot succeed ever in what we hate. Bad teachers, when we find them, are persons who dislike their work. They are like the young girl in the country town who said to one of her friends:

"'Yes, I am going to take up teaching.'

"The friend looked amazed. 'You?' she exclaimed. 'You a schoolteacher? Why, I'd rather marry a widower with nine children.'

"'So would I,' said the other. 'But where is the widower?'"—New York Tribune.

Origin of the Banjo.

In the early part of the nineteenth century in the town of Banjoemas, on the island of Java, a negro native determined to construct a musical instrument for his own use. Taking a cheese box and heading it with a goatskin, he ran a handle through it, and, adapting violin strings tuned to the first, third, fifth and eighth notes of an octave, he christened it a banjo, from the first two syllables of his native town. Gradual improvements on this rough and ready instrument were made, and about the middle of the century it crossed the Atlantic and, though unpopular in London at first, soon became well liked.—London Chronicle.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 25, 1905:

Ella B. Crowley 2, Miss Olga Dark 3, Mrs. Dye, Fowler McCro, Miss Alice Olson, Mrs. Joe Sweeny, August Smith, Harry B. Winters.

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Notice of Administration

In the Estate of John S. Coody deceased. Letters of administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of John S. Coody, late of Smethport, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Joseph E. Mundy, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

JOSEPH E. MUNDY, Administrator.
Smethport, Pa., February 1, 1905.

FOR SALE

90 acres of new, rich dark red shale soil. 60 acres improved and well seeded to mam. clover and timothy. This ground is high and dry. There is no poor waste ground, no gullies or deep spring runs, no swamps. Was covered mostly with hardwood, but had been cut 25 yrs., so stumps are now all rotted out. This ground produces immense crops of the finest potatoes grown. They command 15c per bu. above potatoes grown on old worn out soil. The tubers grow with very little care. There is 150 apple trees, 100 Keiffer 2 yr. old pear trees, 50 pears assd. kinds, 50 goose & currant bushes, orange, quince & mulberry trees, grape vines, both tame and wild, berry bushes, rhubarb, horse radish, &c. The cold winter of '04 did not kill a tree or plant, while hundreds along river bottoms were killed, so you see this is an ideal place for fruit. Buckwheat grows 4 to 5 feet high and heavily loaded. We sold $100 worth of buckwheat from the farm last summer. We have 6 pits of choice potatoes buried on the farm now. 2 living cold springs one in 16 feet of new house. Hay barn 14 feet high, 22x27 steel roof. This farm is mostly level or rolling, is 1 mile west of Pinegrove. One acre if worth 4 acres of the cold wet clay or sand soil. Such ground as this usually sells at $75 to $100 per acre. The soil is loose & easily worked, with few stones, about enough for farm use. A quantity of bearing chestnut trees. Natural gas piped near house. Tame strawberries grow to immense size. All kinds of garden truck grows to perfection with little care. I have purchased 800 apple trees 2 to 3 yrs. old, mostly winter apples (all grafted), 100 pear trees 2 yr. old, 50 peach 1 year old, 25 grape vines, 100 black cap berry plants, all to be set on this new farm. Early in spring when these trees are all set this farm will be well worth $50 or $60 per acre.

My reason for offering this valuable farm for sale is that I cannot run a store & 2 farms & make a success. The balance is not cleared, is covered with slice make, poplar & blackberry bushes & is very easily cleared. A small team can pull a plow easily when these bushes are mown down. 2 men will clear about 1 acre per day. My price for the 90 acres is $2,000; $500 cash down & long time given on balance.

A. E. STICKLES,

RACKET STORE

EAST SMETHPORT, PENN'A.

SALE OF STATIONERY

An inspection of fine stationery is solicited on Friday and Saturday, March 3 and 4.

On above date I will offer 500 boxes regular 25c goods, all shades and texures, at 17c per box. Do not fail to take advantage of this.

MARY L. BISETT, CITY STORE.

Professional Cards.

Gallup & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

F. L. Sherburne,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa.
Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa
Office connected with long distance telephone.
E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and care ful attention.

E. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office, No. 157 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

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Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
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H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Renninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. K. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., [illegible] Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts.
Clams, Cigars
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